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J. J. Desbure l'aîné.

by W. Jones. Les deux vers grec sur le frontispice
~~for the main~~ signifient :

Les graces voulant elever un temple
imperissable, ont choisi l'ame de Jones.

135
A. or. ~~22nd~~ 8^o

~~Poems.~~
[Jones]

Αἱ χάριτες τέμνονόστι λαβεῖν, ὅπερ ἔχι' πεσείται,
Ζητῶσαι, ψυχὴν βῆρον ἰωνεσίῃ.

P O E M S,

CONSISTING CHIEFLY

O F

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ASIATICK LANGUAGES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

T W O E S S A Y S;

- I. On the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.
II. On the Arts, commonly called Imitative.

———— *Juvat integros accedere fontes,
Atque haurire, juvatque novos decerpere flores.* LUCR.

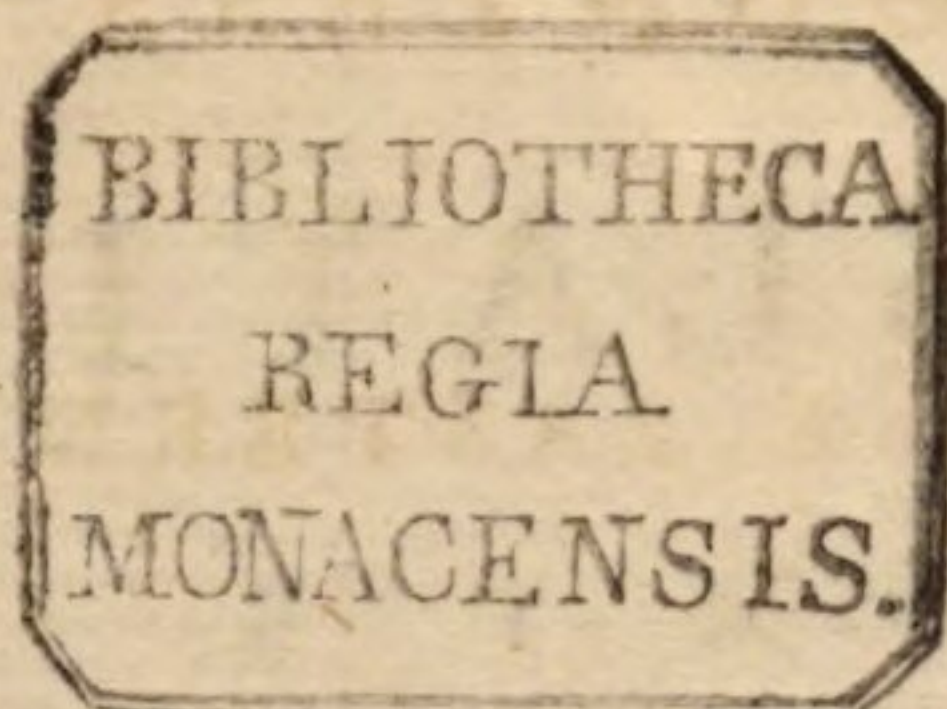
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in FLEET STREET.

M DCC LXXVII.



T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS SPENCER,

THESE EASTERN PIECES,

AND, PARTICULARLY,

THE POEM OF

SOLIMA,

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY

INSCRIBED

BY HER LADYSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LORDS OF THE
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

THE PETITION OF THE

THE PETITIONERS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

THE PETITION OF THE

A PETITION OF THE

SOLICITORS

THE PETITIONERS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

THE PETITION OF THE

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

BY HER PETITIONERS

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

MOST OBLIGED

THE PETITIONERS

AND PATRONS

THE PETITIONERS

THE AUTHOR

THE

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH E reader will probably expect, that, before I present him with the following miscellany, I should give some account of the pieces contained in it; and should prove the authenticity of those *Eastern* originals, from which I profess to have translated them: indeed, so many productions, invented in *France*, have been offered to the publick as genuine translations from the languages of *Asia*, that I should have wished,

for my own sake, to clear my publication from the slightest suspicion of imposture; but there is a circumstance peculiarly hard in the present case; namely, that, were I to produce the *originals* themselves, it would be impossible to persuade some men, that even *they* were not forged for the purpose, like the pretended language of *Formosa*. I shall, however, attempt in this short preface to satisfy the reader's expectations.

The first poem in the collection, called *Solima*, is not a regular translation from the *Arabick* language; but most of the figures, sentiments, and descriptions in it, were really taken from the poets of *Arabia*: for when I was reading some of their verses on benevolence and hospitality, which they justly consider as their most amiable virtues, I selected those passages, that seemed most likely to run into our measure, and connected them in such a manner as to form one continued piece, which I suppose to be written in praise of an *Arabian* princess, who had built a *caravansera* with
pleasant

pleasant gardens for the refreshment of travellers and pilgrims; an act of munificence not uncommon in *Asia*. I shall trouble the reader with only one of the original passages, from which he may form a tolerable judgement of the rest:

*Kad alama e'ddhaifo wa'l mojtéduno
Idha agbbara ofkon wahabbat shemalan,
Wakbalat an auladiha elmordbiato,
Wa lam tar airon lemoznin belalan,
Beenca conto 'errabio el moghitbo
Leman yatarica, waconto themalan,
Waconto' nehara bebi shemsobo,
Waconto dagiyyi' lleili fibi belalan.*

that is; * the stranger and the pilgrim well know, when the sky is dark, and the north-wind rages, when the mothers leave their sucking infants, when no moisture can be seen in the clouds, that thou art bountiful to them as the spring, that thou art their chief support, that thou art a sun to them by day, and a moon in the cloudy night.

* See this passage versified, *Solima*, line 71. &c.

The hint of the next poem, or *The Palace of Fortune*, was taken from an *Indian* tale, translated a few years ago from the *Persian* by a very ingenious gentleman in the service of the *India-company*; but I have added several descriptions, and episodes from other *Eastern* writers, have given a different moral to the whole piece, and have made some other alterations in it, which may be seen by any one, who will take the pains to compare it with the story of *Roshana*, in the second volume of the tales of *Inatulla*.

I have taken a still greater liberty with the moral allegory, which, in imitation of the *Persian* poet *Nezâmi*, I have entitled *The Seven Fountains*; the general subject of it was borrowed from a story in a collection of tales by *Ebn Arabshah*, a native of *Damascus*, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and wrote several other works in a very polished style, the most celebrated of which is *An history of the life of Tamerlane*: but I have
ingrafted

THE PREFACE. xi

ingrafted upon the principal allegory an episode from the *Arabian tales* of * *a thousand and one nights*, a copy of which work in *Arabick* was procured for me by a learned friend at *Aleppo*.

The song, which follows, was first printed at the end of a *Persian* grammar; but, for the satisfaction of those who may have any doubt of its being genuine, it seemed proper to set down the original of it in *Roman* characters at the bottom of the page. The ode of *Petrarch* was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the *Asiatick* poets with that of the *Italians*, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the *Easterns*: some of the *Persian* songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of *Petrarch*; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into *Europe* by the *Arabians*: one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the *Persian*,

* See the story of Prince *Agib*, or the *third Calandar* in the *Arabian tales*, Night 57. &c.

Aura,

*Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e crespe
 Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
 Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
 E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'increspe.*

since there is scarce a page in the works of *Hafez* and *Jami*, in which the same image, of *the breeze playing with the tresses of a beautiful girl*, is not agreeably and variously expressed.

The elegy on the death of *Laura* was inserted with the same view of forming a comparison between the *Oriental* and the *Italian* poetry: the description of the fountain of *Valchiusa*, or *Vallis Clausa*, which was close to *Petrarch's* house, was added to the elegy in the year 1769, and was composed on the very spot, which I could not forbear visiting, when I passed by *Avignon*.

The *Turkish* Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written

ten

ten by *Mesibi*, a poet of great repute at *Constantinople*, who lived in the reign of *Soliman the Second*, or *the Lawgiver*: it is not unlike the *Vigil of Venus*, which has been ascribed to *Catullus*; the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the *Latin* poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of *Mesibi* are preserved in the archives of the *Royal Society*.

It will be needless, I hope, to apologize for the *Pastoral*, and the poem upon *Chefs*, which were done as early as at the age of sixteen or seventeen years, and were saved from the fire, in preference to a great many others, because they seemed more correctly versified than the rest.

It must not be supposed, from my zeal for the literature of *Asia*, that I mean to place it in competition with the beautiful productions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*; for I am convinced, that, whatever changes we make in our opinions, we always re-

turn

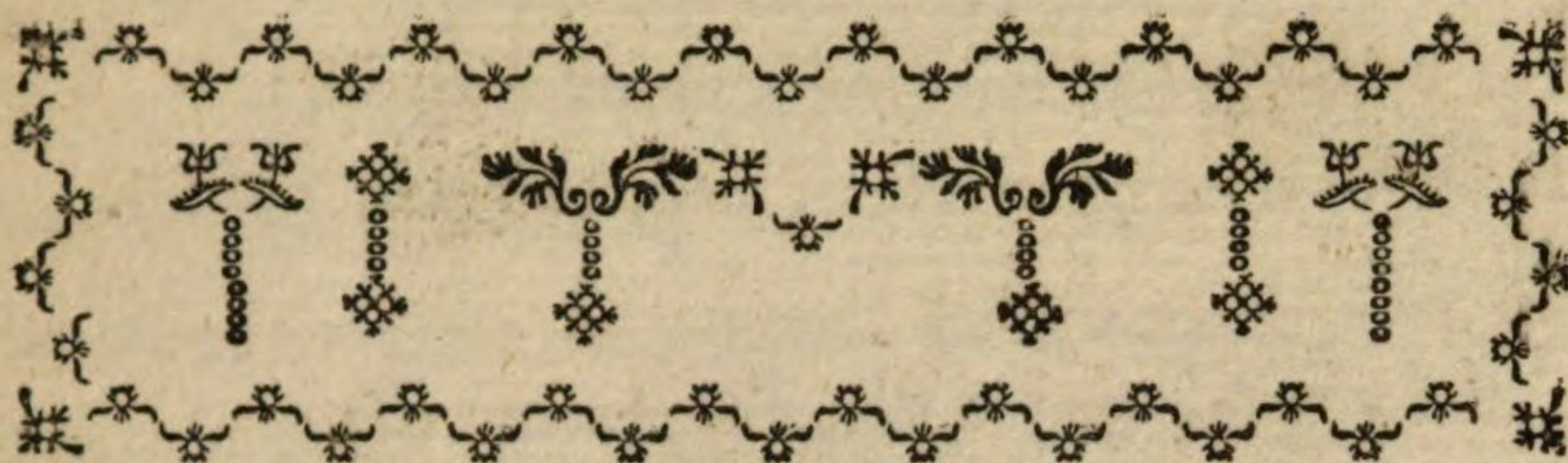
turn to the writings of the ancients, as to the standard of true taste.

If the novelty of the following poems should recommend them to the favour of the reader, it may, probably, be agreeable to him to know, that there are many others of equal or superior merit, which have never appeared in any language of *Europe*; and I am persuaded that a writer, acquainted with the originals, might imitate them very happily in his native tongue, and that the publick would not be displeased to see the genuine compositions of *Arabia* and *Persia* in an *English* dress. The heroick poem of *Ferdusi* might be versified as easily as the *Iliad*, and I see no reason why *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus* should not be a subject as interesting to us, as *the anger of Achilles*, or *the wandering of Ulysses*. The Odes of *Hafez*, and of *Mesibi*, would suit our lyrick measures as well as those ascribed to *Anacreon*; and the seven *Arabick* elegies, that were hung up in the temple of *Mecca*, and of which there are several

ral fine copies at *Oxford*, would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the lovers of antiquity, and the admirers of native genius: but when I propose a translation of these *Oriental* pieces, as a work likely to meet with success, I only mean to invite my readers, who have leisure and industry, to the study of the languages, in which they are written, and am very far from insinuating that I have the remotest design of performing any part of the task myself; for, to say the truth, I should not have suffered even the following trifles to see the light, if I were not very desirous of recommending to the learned world a species of literature, which abounds with so many new expressions, new images, and new inventions.



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S O L I M A,
AN ARABIAN ECLOGUE,

Written in the Year 1768.

YE maids of Aden, hear a loftier tale
Than e'er was sung in meadow, bower, or dale.
The smiles of Abelah, and Maia's eyes,
Where beauty plays, and love in slumber lies;
The fragrant hyacinths of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing summer-air;
Love-tinctur'd cheeks, whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips, from which the Zephyr steals perfume;
Invite no more the wild, unpolish'd lay,
But fly like dreams before the morning ray.

B

Then

Then farewell, love! and farewell, youthful fires!
 A nobler warmth my kindled breast inspires.
 Far bolder notes the listening wood shall fill:
 Flow smooth, ye rivulets; and, ye gales, be still.

See yon fair groves that o'er Amana rise,
 And with their spicy breath embalm the skies;
 Where every breeze sheds incense o'er the vales,
 And every shrub the scent of musk exhales!
 See through yon opening glade a glittering scene,
 Lawns ever gay, and meadows ever green!
 Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bowers,
 Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flowers,
 Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
 And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?
 * Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing;
 Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
 But not with idle shows of vain delight,
 To charm the soul, or to beguile the fight;
 At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
 Where bloom intwin'd the lily, pink, and rose;

* It was not easy in this part of the translation to avoid a turn similar to that of Pope in the known description of the Man of Ross.

Not

Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing east;—
Ah! not for this she taught those bowers to rise,
And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
Far other thoughts her heavenly mind employ,
(Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest;
To lull the weary on the couch of rest;
To warm the traveller numb'd with winter's cold;
The young to cherish, to support the old;
The sad to comfort, and the weak protect;
The poor to shelter, and the lost direct:—
These are her cares, and this her glorious task;
Can heaven a nobler give, or mortals ask?

Come to these groves, and these life-breathing glades,
Ye friendless orphans, and ye dowerless maids!
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble; and, ye sick, that grieve;
Here shall soft tents, o'er flowery lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade;
Here rosy health the sweets of life will shower,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.

Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a fire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid, in pining sadness left,
Of tender parents, and of hope, bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail;
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears; and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest gains her easy way:
She asks what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness wastes them, or what wants distress;
And, as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye:
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,
Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.

When, chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
Through pathless deserts, and through tangled groves,
Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon wing,
And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
While vapours pale a dreadful glimmering cast,
And thrilling horror howls in every blast;

She

She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
By day a sun, a beaming moon by night;
Darts through the quivering shades her heavenly ray,
And spreads with rising flowers his solitary way.

Ye heavens, for this in showers of sweetness shed
Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
Long may her name, which distant climes shall praise,
Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays!
And, like an odorous plant, whose blushing flower
Paints every dale, and sweetens every bower,
Borne to the skies in clouds of soft perfume
For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!
These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
While fresh-blown violets drink the pearly dew;
O'er Azib's banks while love-born damsels rove,
And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's grove.

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled strains
Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm;
The camels bounded o'er the flowery lawn,
Like the swift ostrich, or the sportful fawn;

Their si'ken bands the listening rose-buds rent,
And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent:
He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
And closing flowers beneath the night-dew wept;
Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest
Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest.
Now hastes the swain to tune his rapturous tales
In other meadows, and in other vales.





THE
PALACE OF FORTUNE,
AN INDIAN TALE.

Written in the Year 1769.

MILD was the vernal gale, and calm the day,
When Maia near a crystal fountain lay,
Young Maia, fairest of the blue-eyed maids,
That rov'd at noon in Tibet's musky shades;
But, haply, wandering through the fields of air,
Some fiend had whisper'd—Maia, thou art fair!
Hence swelling pride had fill'd her simple breast,
And rising passions robb'd her mind of rest;

8 T H E P A L A C E

In courts and glittering towers she wish'd to dwell,
 And scorn'd her labouring parent's lowly cell,
 And now, as gazing o'er the glassy stream,
 She saw her blooming cheek's reflected beam,
 Her tresses brighter than the morning sky,
 And the mild radiance of her sparkling eye,
 Low sighs and trickling tears by turns she stole,
 And thus discharg'd the anguish of her soul :

“ Why glow those cheeks, if unadmir'd they glow ?

“ Why flow those tresses, if unprais'd they flow ?

“ Why dart those eyes their liquid ray serene,

“ Unfelt their influence, and their light unseen ?

“ Ye heavens ! was that love-breathing bosom made

“ To warm dull groves, and cheer the lonely glade ?

“ Ah, no : those blushes, that enchanting face,

“ Some tap'stried hall, or gilded bower, might grace ;

“ Might deck the scenes, where love and pleasure reign,

“ And fire with amorous flames the youthful train.”

While thus she spoke, a sudden blaze of light
 Shot through the clouds, and struck her dazzled sight.
 She rais'd her head, astonish'd, to the skies,
 And veil'd with trembling hands her aching eyes ;

When

When through the yielding air she saw from far
A goddess gliding in a golden car,
That soon descended on the flowery lawn,
By two fair yokes of starry peacocks drawn :
A thousand nymphs with many a sprightly glance
Form'd round the radiant wheels an airy dance,
Celestial shapes ! in fluid light array'd ;
Like twinkling stars their beamy sandals play'd ;
Their lucid mantles glitter'd in the sun,
(Webs half so bright the silkworm never spun)
Transparent robes, that bore the rainbow's hue,
And finer than the nets of pearly dew
That morning spreads o'er every opening flower,
When sportive summer decks his bridal bower.

The queen herself, too fair for mortal sight,
Sat in the centre of encircling light.
Soon with soft touch she rais'd the trembling maid,
And by her side in silent slumber laid :
Straight the gay birds display'd their frangled train,
And flew refulgent through th' aerial plain ;
The fairy band their shining pinions spread,
And, as they rose, fresh gales of sweetness shed ;

Fann'd

Fann'd with their flowing skirts, the sky was mild;
And heaven's blue fields with brighter radiance smil'd.

Now in a garden deck'd with verdant bowers
The glittering car descends on bending flowers:
The goddess still with looks divinely fair
Surveys the sleeping object of her care;
Then o'er her cheek her magick finger lays,
Soft as the gale that o'er a violet plays,
And thus in sounds, that favour'd mortals hear,
She gently whispers in her ravish'd ear:

“Awake, sweet maid, and view this charming scene
“For ever beauteous, and for ever green;
“Here living rills of purest nectar flow
“O'er meads that with unfading flowerets glow;
“Here amorous gales their scented wings display,
“Mov'd by the breath of ever-blooming May;
“Here in the lap of pleasure shalt thou rest,
“Our lov'd companion, and our honour'd guest.”

The damsel hears the heavenly notes distil,
Like melting snow, or like a vernal rill.

She

She lifts her head, and, on her arm reclin'd,
 Drinks the sweet accents in her grateful mind:
 On all around she turns her roving eyes,
 And views the splendid scene with glad surprize;
 Fresh lawns, and sunny banks, and roseate bowers,
 Hills white with flocks, and meadows gemm'd with flowers;
 Cool shades, a sure defence from summer's ray,
 And silver brooks, where wanton damsels play,
 Which with soft notes their dimpled crystal roll'd
 O'er colour'd shells and sands of native gold;
 A rising fountain play'd from every stream,
 Smil'd as it rose, and cast a transient gleam,
 Then, gently falling in a vocal shower,
 Bath'd every shrub, and sprinkled every flower,
 That on the banks, like many a lovely bride,
 View'd in the liquid glass their blushing pride;
 Whilst on each branch, with purple blossoms hung,
 The sportful birds their joyous descant sung.

While Maia, thus entranc'd in sweet delight,
 With each gay object fed her eager sight,
 The goddess mildly caught her willing hand,
 And led her trembling o'er the flowery land.

Soon

Soon she beheld, where through an opening glade
A spacious lake its clear expanse display'd;
In mazy curls the flowing jasper wav'd
O'er its smooth bed with polish'd agate pav'd;
And on a rock of ice, by magick rais'd,
High in the midst a gorgeous palace blaz'd;
The sunbeams on the gilded portals glanc'd,
Play'd on the spires, and on the turrets danc'd;
To four bright gates four ivory bridges led,
With pearls illumin'd, and with roses spread:
And now, more radiant than the morning sun,
Her easy way the gliding goddess won;
Still by her hand she held the fearful maid,
And, as she pass'd, the fairies homage paid:
They enter'd straight the sumptuous palace-hall,
Where filken tapestry emblaz'd the wall,
Refulgent tissue, of an heavenly woof;
And gems unnumber'd sparkled on the roof,
On whose blue arch the flaming diamonds play'd,
As on a sky with living stars inlay'd;
Of precious diadems a regal store,
With globes and sceptres, strew'd the porphyry floor;
Rich vests of eastern kings around were spread,
And glittering zones a starry lustre shed;

But

But Maia most admir'd the pearly strings,
Gay bracelets, golden chains, and sparkling rings.

High in the centre of the palace shone,
Suspended in mid-air, an opal throne:
To this the queen ascends with royal pride,
And sets the favour'd damsel by her side.
Around the throne in mystick order stand
The fairy train, and wait her high command;
When thus she speaks: (the maid attentive sips
Each word that flows, like nectar, from her lips.)

“ Favourite of heaven, my much-lov'd Maia, know,
“ From me all joys, all earthly blessings, flow:
“ Me suppliant men imperial Fortune call,
“ The mighty empress of yon rolling ball:
(She rais'd her finger, and the wondering maid
At distance hung the dusky globe survey'd,
Saw the round earth with foaming oceans vein'd,
And labouring clouds on mountain tops sustain'd.)
“ To me has fate the pleasing task assign'd
“ To rule the various thoughts of humankind;
“ To catch each rising wish, each ardent prayer,
“ And some to grant, and some to waste in air.

“ Know

“ Know farther ; as I rang’d the cryſtal ſky,
“ I ſaw thee near the murmuring fountain lie ;
“ Mark’d the rough ſtorm that gather’d in thy breaſt,
“ And knew what care thy joyleſs ſoul oppreſt.
“ Straight I reſolv’d to bring thee quick relief,
“ Eaſe every weight, and ſoften every grief ;
“ If in this court contented thou canſt live,
“ And taſte the joys theſe happy gardens give :
“ But fill thy mind with vain deſires no more,
“ And view without a wiſh yon ſhining ſtore :
“ Soon ſhall a numerous train before me bend,
“ And kneeling votaries my ſhrine attend ;
“ Warn’d by their empty vanities beware,
“ And ſcorn the folly of each human prayer.”

She ſaid ; and ſtraight a damſel of her train
With tender fingers touch’d a golden chain.
Now a ſoft bell delighted Maia hears,
That ſweetly trembles on her liſtning ears ;
Through the calm air the melting numbers float,
And wanton echo lengthens every note.
Soon through the dome a mingled hum aroſe,
Like the ſwift ſtream that o’er a valley flows ;

Now

Now louder still it grew, and still more loud,
As distant thunder breaks the bursting cloud:
Through the four portals rush'd a various throng,
That like a wintry torrent pour'd along:
A croud of every tongue, and every hue,
Toward the bright throne with eager rapture flew.

* A lovely stripling stepp'd before the rest
With hasty pace, and tow'rd the goddess prest;
His mien was graceful, and his looks were mild,
And in his eye celestial sweetness smil'd:
Youth's purple glow, and beauty's rosy beam,
O'er his smooth cheeks diffus'd a lively gleam;
The floating ringlets of his musky hair
Wav'd on the bosom of the wanton air:
With modest grace the goddess he addrest,
And thoughtless thus preferr'd his fond request.

“ Queen of the world, whose wide-extended sway,
“ Gay youth, firm manhood, and cold age obey,
“ Grant me, while life's fresh blooming roses smile,
“ The day with varied pleasures to beguile;
“ Let me on beds of dewy flowers recline,
“ And quaff with glowing lips the sparkling wine;

* Pleasure.

“ Grant

“ Grant me to feed on beauty’s rifled charms,
“ And clasp a willing damsel in my arms ;
“ Her bosom fairer than a hill of snow,
“ And gently bounding like a playful roe ;
“ Her lips more fragrant than the summer air,
“ And sweet as Scythian musk her hyacinthine hair ;
“ Let new delights each dancing hour employ,
“ Sport follow sport, and joy succeed to joy.”

The goddess grants the simple youth’s request,
And mildly thus accosts her lovely guest :
“ On that smooth mirror, full of magick light,
“ Awhile, dear Maia, fix thy wandering sight.”
She looks ; and in th’ enchanted crystal sees
A bower o’er-canopied with tufted trees :
The wanton stripling lies beneath the shade,
And by his side reclines a blooming maid ;
O’er her fair limbs a filken mantle flows,
Through which her youthful beauty softly glows,
And part conceal’d, and part disclos’d to sight,
Through the thin texture casts a ruddy light,
As the ripe clusters of the mantling vine
Beneath the verdant foliage faintly shine,

And,

And, fearing to be view'd by envious day,
Their glowing tints unwillingly display.

The youth, while joy fits sparkling in his eyes,
Pants on her neck, and on her bosom dies;
From her smooth cheek nectareous dew he sips,
And all his soul comes breathing to his lips.
But Maia turns her modest eyes away,
And blushes to behold their amorous play.

She looks again, and sees with sad surprize
On the clear glass far different scenes arise:
The bower, which late outshone the rosy morn,
O'erhung with weeds she saw, and rough with thorn;
With stings of asps the leafless plants were wreath'd,
And curling adders gales of venom breath'd:
Low sat the stripling on the faded ground,
And in a mournful knot his arms were bound;
His eyes, that shot before a sunny beam,
Now scarcely shed a saddening, dying gleam;
Faint as a glimmering taper's wasted light,
Or a dull ray that streaks the cloudy night:
His crystal vase was on the pavement roll'd,
And from the bank was fall'n his cup of gold;

From which th' envenom'd dregs of deadly hue
Flow'd on the ground in streams of baleful dew,
And, slowly stealing through the wither'd bower,
Poison'd each plant, and blasted every flower :
Fled were his slaves, and fled his yielding fair,
And each gay phantom was dissolv'd in air ;
Whilst in their place was left a ruthless train,
Despair, and grief, remorse, and raging pain.

Aside the damsel turns her weeping eyes,
And sad reflections in her bosom rise ;
To whom thus mildly speaks the radiant queen :
“ Take sage example from this moral scene ;
“ See, how vain pleasures sting the lips they kiss,
“ How asps are hid beneath the bowers of bliss !
“ Whilst ever fair the flower of temperance blows,
“ Unchang'd her leaf, and without thorn her rose ;
“ Smiling she darts her glittering branch on high,
“ And spreads her fragrant blossoms to the sky.”

* Next tow'rd the throne she saw a knight advance ;
Erect he stood, and shook a quivering lance ;

* Glory.

A fiery

A fiery dragon on his helmet shone;
And on his buckler beam'd a golden sun;
O'er his broad bosom blaz'd his jointed mail
With many a gem, and many a shining scale;
He trod the founding floor with princely mien,
And thus with haughty words address'd the queen:
"Let falling kings beneath my javelin bleed,
"And bind my temples with a victor's meed;
"Let every realm that feels the solar ray,
"Shrink at my frown, and own my regal sway:
"Let Ind's rich banks declare my deathless fame,
"And trembling Ganges dread my potent name."

The queen consented to the warrior's pray'r,
And his bright banners floated in the air;
He bade his darts in steely tempests fly,
Flames burst the clouds, and thunder shake the sky;
Death aim'd his lance, earth trembled at his nod,
And crimson conquest glow'd where'er he trod.

And now the damsel, fix'd in deep amaze,
Th' enchanted glass with eager look surveys:
She sees the hero in his dusky tent,
His guards retir'd, his glimmering taper spent;

His spear, vain instrument of dying praise,
On the rich floor with idle state he lays;
His gory falchion near his pillow stood,
And stain'd the ground with drops of purple blood;
A busy page his nodding helm unlac'd,
And on the couch his scaly hauberk plac'd:
Now on the bed his weary limbs he throws,
Bath'd in the balmy dew of soft repose:
In dreams he rushes o'er the gloomy field,
He sees new armies fly, new heroes yield;
Warm with the vigorous conflict he appears,
And ev'n in slumber seems to move the spheres.
But lo! the faithless page, with stealing tread,
Advances to the champion's naked head;
With his sharp dagger wounds his bleeding breast,
And steeps his eyelids in eternal rest:
Then cries, (and waves the steel that drops with gore)
"The tyrant dies; oppression is no more."

* Now came an aged sire with trembling pace;
Sunk were his eyes, and pale his ghastly face;
A ragged weed of dusky hue he wore,
And on his back a ponderous coffer bore.

* Riches.

The

The queen with faltering speech he thus addrest :

“O, fill with gold thy true adorer’s chest!”

“Behold, said she, and wav’d her powerful hand,

“Where yon rich hills in glittering order stand :

“There load thy coffer with the golden store ;

“Then bear it full away, and ask no more.”

With eager steps he took his hasty way,

Where the bright coin in heaps unnumber’d lay ;

There hung enamour’d o’er the gleaming spoil,

Scoop’d the gay dross, and bent beneath the toil.

But bitter was his anguish, to behold

The coffer widen, and its sides unfold :

And every time he heap’d the darling ore,

His greedy chest grew larger than before ;

Till, spent with pain, and falling o’er his hoard,

With his sharp steel his maddening breast he gor’d :

On the lov’d heap he cast his closing eye,

Contented on a golden couch to die.

A stripling, with the fair adventure pleas’d,

Stepp’d forward, and the massy coffer seiz’d ;

But with surprize he saw the stores decay,
 And all the long-sought treasures melt away;
 In winding streams the liquid metal roll'd,
 And through the palace ran a flood of gold.

* Next to the shrine advanc'd a reverend sage,
 Whose beard was hoary with the frost of age;
 His few gray locks a fable fillet bound,
 And his dark mantle flow'd along the ground:
 Grave was his port, yet show'd a bold neglect,
 And fill'd the young beholder with respect;
 Time's envious hand had plough'd his wrinkled face,
 Yet on those wrinkles sat superiour grace;
 Still full of fire appear'd his vivid eye,
 Darted quick beams, and seem'd to pierce the sky.
 At length, with gentle voice and look serene,
 He wav'd his hand, and thus address'd the queen:

“ Twice forty winters tip my beard with snow,
 “ And age's chilling gusts around me blow:
 “ In early youth, by contemplation led,
 “ With high pursuits my flatter'd thoughts were fed;

* Knowledge.

To

“ To nature first my labours were confin’d,
“ And all her charms were open’d to my mind,
“ Each flower that glisten’d in the morning dew,
“ And every shrub that in the forest grew :
“ From earth to heaven I cast my wondering eyes,
“ Saw suns unnumber’d sparkle in the skies,
“ Mark’d the just progress of each rolling sphere,
“ Describ’d the seasons, and reform’d the year.
“ At length sublimer studies I began,
“ And fix’d my level’d telescope on man ;
“ Knew all his powers, and all his passions trac’d,
“ What virtue rais’d him, and what vice debas’d :
“ But when I saw his knowledge so confin’d,
“ So vain his wishes, and so weak his mind,
“ His soul, a bright obscurity at best,
“ And rough with tempests his afflicted breast,
“ His life, a flower ere evening sure to fade,
“ His highest joys, the shadow of a shade ;
“ To thy fair court I took my weary way,
“ Bewail my folly, and heaven’s laws obey,
“ Confess my feeble mind for prayers unfit,
“ And to my maker’s will my soul submit :
“ Great empress of yon orb that rolls below,
“ On me the last best gift of heaven bestow.”

He spoke: a sudden cloud his senses stole,
And thickening darkness swam o'er all his soul;
His vital spark her earthly cell forsook,
And into air her fleeting progress took.

Now from the throng a deafening sound was heard,
And all at once their various prayers preferr'd;
The goddess, wearied with the noisy croud,
Thrice wav'd her silver wand, and spoke aloud:
“Our ears no more with vain petitions tire,
“But take unheard whate'er you first desire.”
She said: each wish'd, and what he wish'd obtain'd;
And wild confusion in the palace reign'd.

But Maia, now grown senseless with delight,
Cast on an emerald ring her roving sight;
And, ere she could survey the rest with care,
Wish'd on her hand the precious gem to wear,

Sudden the palace vanish'd from her sight,
And the gay fabrick melted into night;
But, in its place, she view'd with weeping eyes
Huge rocks around her, and sharp cliffs arise;

She

She sat deserted on the naked shore,
Saw the curl'd waves, and heard the tempest roar;
Whilst on her finger shone the fatal ring,
A weak defence from hunger's pointed sting,
From sad remorse, from comfortless despair,
And all the painful family of care!
Frantick with grief her rosy cheek she tore,
And rent her locks, her darling charge no more:
But when the night his raven wing had spread,
And hung with sable every mountain's head,
Her tender limbs were numb'd with biting cold,
And round her feet the curling billows roll'd;
With trembling arms a rifted crag she grasp'd,
And the rough rock with hard embraces clasp'd.

While thus she stood, and made a piercing moan,
By chance her emerald touch'd the rugged stone;
That moment gleam'd from heaven a golden ray,
And taught the gloom to counterfeit the day:
A winged youth, for mortal eyes too fair,
Shot like a meteor through the dusky air;
His heavenly charms o'ercame her dazled sight,
And drown'd her senses in a flood of light;

His

His funny plumes descending he display'd,
And softly thus address'd the mournful maid:

“ Say, thou, who dost yon wondrous ring possess,
“ What cares disturb thee, or what wants oppress;
“ To faithful ears disclose thy secret grief,
“ And hope (so heaven ordains) a quick relief.”

The maid replied, “ Ah, sacred genius, bear
“ A hopeless damsel from this land of care;
“ Waft me to softer climes and lovelier plains,
“ Where nature smiles, and spring eternal reigns.”

She spoke; and swifter than the glance of thought
To a fair isle his sleeping charge he brought.

Now morning breath'd: the scented air was mild,
Each meadow blossom'd, and each valley smil'd;
On every shrub the pearly dewdrops hung,
On every branch a feather'd warbler sung;
The cheerful spring her flowery chaplets wove,
And incense-breathing gales perfum'd the grove.

The

The damsel rose; and, lost in glad surprize,
Cast round the gay expanse her opening eyes,
That shone with pleasure like a starry beam,
Or moonlight sparkling on a silver stream.
She thought some nymph must haunt that lovely scene,
Some woodland goddess, or some fairy queen;
At least she hop'd in some sequester'd vale
To hear the shepherd tell his amorous tale:
Led by these flattering hopes from glade to glade,
From lawn to lawn with hasty steps she stray'd;
But not a nymph by stream or fountain stood,
And not a fairy glided through the wood;
No damsel wanton'd o'er the dewy flowers,
No shepherd sung beneath the rosy bowers:
On every side she saw vast mountains rise,
That thrust their daring foreheads in the skies;
The rocks of polish'd alabaster seem'd,
And in the sun their lofty summits gleam'd.
She call'd aloud, but not a voice replied,
Save echo babbling from the mountain's side.

By

By this had night o'ercast the gloomy scene,
And twinkling stars emblaz'd the blue serene
Yet on she wander'd till with grief oppress'd
She fell; and, falling, smote her snowy breast:
Now to the heavens her guilty head she rears,
And pours her bursting sorrow into tears;
Then plaintive speaks, "Ah! fond mistaken maid,
" How was thy mind by gilded hopes betray'd!
" Why didst thou wish for bowers and flowery hills,
" For smiling meadows, and for purling rills;
" Since on those hills no youth or damsel roves,
" No shepherd haunts the solitary groves?
" Ye meads that glow with intermingled dyes,
" Ye flowering palms that from yon hillocks rise,
" Ye quivering brooks that softly murmur by,
" Ye panting gales that on the branches die;
" Ah! why has Nature through her gay domain
" Display'd your beauties, yet display'd in vain?
" In vain, ye flowers, you boast your vernal bloom,
" And waste in barren air your fresh perfume.
" Ah! leave, ye wanton birds, yon lonely spray;
" Unheard you warble, and unseen you play:

" Yet

“ Yet stay till fate has fix’d my early doom,
“ And strow with leaves a hapless damsel’s tomb.
“ Some grot or grassy bank shall be my bier,
“ My maiden herse unwater’d with a tear.”

Thus while she mourns, o’erwhelm’d in deep despair,
She rends her filken robes, and golden hair :
Her fatal ring, the cause of all her woes,
On a hard rock with maddening rage she throws ;
The gem, rebounding from the stone, displays
Its verdant hue, and sheds refreshing rays :
Sudden descends the genius of the ring,
And drops celestial fragrance from his wing ;
Then speaks, “ Who calls me from the realms of day ?
“ Ask, and I grant ; command, and I obey.”

She drank his melting words with ravish’d ears,
And stopp’d the gushing current of her tears ;
Then kiss’d his skirts, that like a ruby glow’d,
And said, “ O bear me to my fire’s abode.”

Straight o’er her eyes a shady veil arose,
And all her soul was lull’d in still repose.

By

By this with flowers the rosy-finger'd dawn
Had spread each dewy hill and verdurous lawn ;
She wak'd, and saw a new-built tomb that stood
In the dark bosom of a solemn wood,
While these sad sounds her trembling ears invade :
" Beneath yon marble sleeps thy father's shade."
She sigh'd, she wept ; she struck her pensive breast,
And bade his urn in peaceful slumber rest.

And now in silence o'er the gloomy land
She saw advance a slowly-winding band ;
Their cheeks were veil'd, their robes of mournful hue
Flow'd o'er the lawn, and swept the pearly dew ;
O'er the fresh turf they sprinkled sweet perfume,
And strow'd with flowers the venerable tomb.
A graceful matron walk'd before the train,
And tun'd in notes of wo the funeral strain :
When from her face her filken veil she drew,
The watchful maid her aged mother knew.
O'erpowered with bursting joy she runs to meet
The mourning dame, and falls before her feet.
The matron with surprize her daughter rears,
Hangs on her neck, and mingles tears with tears.

Now

Now o'er the tomb their hallow'd rites they pay,
And form with lamps an artificial day :
Ere long the damsel reach'd her native vale,
And told with joyful heart her moral tale ;
Resign'd to heaven, and lost to all beside,
She liv'd contented, and contented died.



THE

SEVEN FOUNTAINS

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY

Written in the Year 1767

THE

SEVEN FOUNTAINS

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY

Written in the Year 1767

DECKED with soft garlands, like a rural scene,
And with the smiling streamer's waving pine;

A western bird was beating on the cross,
And ferns with dew to wet the altar's floor;

Smooth were the waves, and there a whispering tale
Faint with his gentle plumes the bird told.

High on the purple'd bank, a golden throne
With ocean pearls and burning diamonds strown;

THE

SEVEN FOUNTAINS

AN EASTERN ALLEGORY

Written in the Year 1767



T H E
S E V E N F O U N T A I N S,
A N E A S T E R N A L L E G O R Y.

Written in the Year 1767.

DECK'D with fresh garlands, like a rural bride,
And with the crimson streamer's waving pride,
A wanton bark was floating o'er the main,
And seem'd with scorn to view the azure plain:
Smooth were the waves; and scarce a whispering gale
Fann'd with his gentle plumes the filken fail.
High on the burnish'd deck, a gilded throne
With orient pearls and beaming diamonds shone;

D

On

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On which reclin'd a youth of graceful mien,
 His sandals purple, and his mantle green;
 His locks in ringlets o'er his shoulders roll'd,
 And on his cheek appear'd the downy gold.
 Around him stood a train of smiling boys,
 Sporting with idle cheer and mirthful toys;
 * Ten comely striplings, girt with spangled wings,
 Blew piercing flutes, or touch'd the quivering strings;
 Ten more, in cadence to the sprightly strain,
 Wak'd with their golden oars the flumbering main:
 The waters yielded to their guiltless blows,
 And the green billows sparkled as they rose.

Long time the barge had danc'd along the deep,
 And on its glassy bosom seem'd to sleep;
 † But now a glittering isle arose in view,
 Bounded with hillocks of a verdant hue:
 Fresh groves and roseate bowers appear'd above,
 (Fit haunts, be sure, of pleasure and of love)
 And higher still a thousand blazing spires
 Seem'd with gilt tops to threat the heavenly fires.
 Now each fair stripling plied his labouring oar,
 And straight the pinnace struck the sandy shore.

* The follies of youth

† The world.

The

The youth arose, and, leaping on the strand,
Took his lone way along the silver sand;
While the light bark, and all the airy crew,
Sunk like a mist beneath the briny dew.

With eager steps the young adventurer stray'd
Through many a grove, and many a winding glade;
At length he heard the chime of tuneful strings,
That sweetly floated on the Zephyr's wings;
* And soon a band of damsels blithe and fair,
With flowing mantles and dishevel'd hair,
Rush'd with quick pace along the solemn wood,
Where rapt in wonder and delight he stood:
In loose transparent robes they were array'd,
Which half their beauties hid, and half display'd.

A lovely nymph approach'd him with a smile,
And said, "O, welcome to this blissful isle!
"For thou art he, whom ancient bards foretold,
"Doom'd in our clime to bring an age of gold:
"Hail, sacred king! and from thy subject's hand,
"Accept the robes and sceptre of the land!"

* The follies and vanities of the world.

“ Sweet maid, said he, fair learning’s heavenly beam
“ O’er my young mind n’er shed her favouring gleam;
“ Nor has my arm e’er hurl’d the fatal lance,
“ While desperate legions o’er the plain advance.
“ How should a simple youth, unfit to bear
“ The steely mail, that splendid mantle wear!”
“ Ah! said the damsel, from this happy shore,
“ We banish wisdom, and her idle lore;
“ No clarions here the strains of battle sing,
“ With notes of mirth our joyful valleys ring.
“ Peace to the brave! o’er us the beauteous reign,
“ And ever-charming pleasures form our train.”

This said, a diadem, inlay’d with pearls,
She plac’d respectful on his golden curls;
Another o’er his graceful shoulder threw
A filken mantle of the rose’s hue,
Which, clasp’d with studs of gold, behind him flow’d,
And through the folds his glowing bosom show’d.
Then in a car, by snow-white couriers drawn,
They led him o’er the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Through groves of joy and arbours of delight,
With all that could allure his ravish’d sight;

Green hillocks, meads, and rosy grotts, he view'd,
 And verdurous plains with winding streams bedew'd.
 On every bank, and under every shade,
 A thousand youths, a thousand damsels play'd;
 Some wantonly were tripping in a ring
 On the soft border of a gushing spring;
 While some, reclining in the shady vales,
 Told to their smiling loves their amorous tales:
 But when the sportful train beheld from far
 The nymphs returning with the stately car,
 O'er the smooth plain with hasty steps they came,
 And hail'd their youthful king with loud acclaim;
 With flowers of every tint the paths they strow'd,
 And cast their chaplets on the hallow'd road.

At last they reach'd the bosom of a wood,
 Where on a hill a radiant palace stood;
 A sumptuous dome, by hands immortal made,
 Which on its walls and on its gates display'd
 The gems that in the rocks of Tibet glow,
 The pearls that in the shells of Orinus grow.
 And now a numerous train advance to meet
 The youth, descending from his regal seat;

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Whom to a rich and spacious hall they led,
 With filken carpets delicately spread :
 There on a throne, with gems unnumber'd grac'd,
 Their lovely king fix blooming damsels plac'd *,
 And, meekly kneeling, to his modest hand
 They gave the glittering sceptre of command ;
 Then on six smaller thrones they sat reclin'd,
 And watch'd the rising transports of his mind :
 When thus the youth a blushing nymph address'd,
 And, as he spoke, her hand with rapture press'd :

“ Say, gentle damsel, may I ask unblam'd,
 “ How this gay isle, and splendid seats are nam'd ?
 “ And you, fair queens of beauty and of grace,
 “ Are you of earthly or celestial race ?
 “ To me the world's bright treasures were unknown,
 “ Where late I wander'd, pensive and alone ;
 “ And, slowly winding on my native shore,
 “ Saw the vast ocean roll, but saw no more ;
 “ Till from the waves with many a charming song,
 “ A barge arose, and gayly mov'd along ;
 “ The jolly rowers reach'd the yielding sands,
 “ Allur'd my steps, and wav'd their shining hands :

* The pleasures of the senses.

“ I went,

" I went, saluted by the vocal train,
 " And the swift pinnace cleav'd the waves again;
 " When on this island struck the gilded prow,
 " I landed full of joy: the rest you know.
 " Short is the story of my tender years:
 " Now speak, sweet nymph, and charm my listening
 " ears."

" These are the groves, for ever deck'd with flowers,
 " The maid replied, and these the fragrant bowers,
 " Where Love and Pleasure hold their airy court,
 " The seat of bliss, of sprightliness, and sport;
 " And we, dear youth, are nymphs of heavenly line;
 " Our souls immortal, as our forms divine:
 " For Maia, fill'd with Zephyr's warm embrace,
 " In caves and forests cover'd her disgrace;
 " At last she rested on this peaceful shore,
 " Where in yon grot a lovely boy she bore,
 " Whom fresh and wild and frolick from his birth
 " She nurs'd in myrtle bowers, and call'd him Mirth.
 " He on a summer's morning chanc'd to rove
 " Through the green labyrinth of some shady grove,
 " Where, by a dimpled rivulet's verdant side,
 " A rising bank, with woodbine edg'd, he spied:

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“ There, veil’d with flowerets of a thousand hues,
 “ A nymph lay bath’d in slumber’s balmy dew;
 “ (This maid by some, for some our race defame,
 “ Was Folly call’d, but Pleasure was her name :)
 “ Her mantle, like the sky in April, blue,
 “ Hung on a blossom’d branch that near her grew ;
 “ For, long disporting in the silver stream,
 “ She shunn’d the blazing day-star’s sultry beam ;
 “ And, ere she could conceal her naked charms,
 “ Sleep caught her trembling in his downy arms :
 “ Borne on the wings of Love, he flew, and press’d
 “ Her breathing bosom to his eager breast.
 “ At his wild theft the rosy morning blush’d,
 “ The rivulet smil’d, and all the woods were hush’d.
 “ Of these fair parents on this blissful coast
 “ (Parents like Mirth and Pleasure who can boast ?)
 “ I with five sisters, on one happy morn,
 “ All fair alike, behold us now, were born.
 “ When they to brighter regions took their way,
 “ By Love invited to the realms of day,
 “ To us they gave this large, this gay domain,
 “ And said, departing, Here let Beauty reign.
 “ Then reign, fair prince, in thee all beauties shine,
 “ And, ah ! we know thee of no mortal line,”

She

She said; the king with rapid ardour glow'd,
And the swift poison through his bosom flow'd:
But while she spoke he cast his eyes around
To view the dazzling roof, and spangled ground;
Then, turning with amaze from side to side,
Seven golden doors, that richly shone, he spied,
And said, "Fair nymph, (but let me not be bold)
"What mean those doors that blaze with burnish'd
"gold?"
"To fix gay bowers, the maid replied, they lead,
"Where Spring eternal crowns the glowing mead;
"Six fountains there, that glitter as they play,
"Rise to the sun with many a colour'd ray."
"But the seventh door, said he, what beauties grace!"
"O, 'tis a cave, a dark and joyless place,
"A scene of nameless deeds, and magick spells,
"Where day ne'er shines, and pleasure never dwells:
"Think not of that. But come, my royal friend,
"And see what joys thy favour'd steps attend."
She spoke, and pointed to the nearest door:
Swift he descends; the damsel flies before;
She turns the lock; it opens at command;
The maid and stripling enter hand in hand.

The

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade,
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd * ;
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,
Were strown with pearls and gems of varied hue ;
The diamond sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray ;
Clear amethysts combin'd their purple gleam
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam ;
The sapphire smil'd like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.

" These are the waters of eternal light,

" The damsel said, the stream of heavenly sight ;

" See, in this cup (she spoke, and stoop'd to fill

" A vase of jasper with the sacred rill),

" See, how the living waters bound and shine,

" Which this well-polish'd gem can scarce confine !"

From her soft hand the lucid urn he took,

And quaff'd the nectar with a tender look :

Straight from his eyes a cloud of darkness flew,

And all the scene was open'd to his view ;

Not all the groves, where ancient bards have told,

Of vegetable gems, and blooming gold ;

* Sight.

Not all the bowers which oft in flowery lays
 And solemn tales Arabian poets praise;
 Though streams of honey flow'd through every mead,
 Though balm and amber dropp'd from every reed;
 Held half the sweets that Nature's ample hand
 Had pour'd luxuriant o'er this wondrous land.
 All flowerets here their mingled rays diffuse,
 The rainbow's tints to these were vulgar hues;
 All birds that in the stream their pinion dip,
 Or from the brink the liquid crystal sip,
 Or show their beauties to the sunny skies,
 Here wav'd their plumes that shone with varying dyes;
 But chiefly he, that o'er the verdant plain
 Spreads the gay eyes which grace his spangled train;
 And he, who, proudly sailing, loves to show
 His mantling wings and neck of downy snow;
 Nor absent he, who learns the human sound,
 With wavy gold and moving emeralds crown'd;
 Whose head and breast with polish'd sapphires glow,
 And on whose wing the gems of Indus grow.
 The monarch view'd their beauties o'er and o'er,
 He was all eye, and look'd from every pore.
 But now the damsel calls him from his trance;
 And o'er the lawn delighted they advance;

They

They pass the hall adorn'd with royal state,
And enter now with joy the second gate *.

A soothing sound he heard, (but tasted first
The gushing stream that from the valley burst),
And in the shade beheld a youthful quire
That touch'd with flying hands the trembling lyre:
Melodious notes, drawn out with magick art,
Caught with sweet extasy his ravish'd heart;
An hundred nymphs their charming descants play'd,
And melting voices died along the glade;
The tuneful stream that murmur'd as it rose,
The birds that on the trees bewail'd their woes,
The boughs, made vocal by the whispering gale,
Join'd their soft strain, and warbled through the vale.
The concert ends: and now the stripling hears
A tender voice that strikes his wondering ears;
A beauteous bird, in our rude climes unknown,
That on a leafy arbour sits alone,
Strains his sweet throat, and waves his purple wings,
And thus in human accents softly sings:

* Hearing.

“ Rise,

" Rife, lovely pair, a sweeter bower invites
 " Your eager steps, a bower of new delights ;
 " Ah ! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,
 " Ere winter hides them in a veil of snow.
 " Youth, like a thin anemone, displays
 " His filken leaf, and in a morn decays.
 " See, gentle youth, a lily-bosom'd bride !
 " See, nymph, a blooming stripling by thy side !
 " Then haste, and bathe your souls in soft delights,
 " A sweeter bow'r your wandering steps invites."

He ceas'd ; the slender branch, from which he flew,
 Bent its fair head, and sprinkled pearly dew.
 The damsel smil'd ; the blushing youth was pleas'd,
 And by her willing hand his charmer seiz'd :
 The lovely nymph, who sigh'd for sweeter joy,
 To the third gate * conducts the amorous boy ;
 She turns the key ; her cheeks like roses bloom,
 And on the lock her fingers drop perfume.

His ravish'd sense a scene of pleasure meets,
 A maze of joy, a paradise of sweets ;

* Smell.

But

46 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

But first his lips had touch'd th' alluring stream,
 That through the grove display'd a silver gleam.
 Through jasmine bowers, and violet-scented vales,
 On silken pinions flew the wanton gales,
 Arabian odours on the plants they left,
 And whisper'd to the woods their spicy theft;
 Beneath the shrubs, that spread a trembling shade,
 The musky roes, and fragrant civets, play'd.
 As when at eve an Eastern merchant roves
 From Hadramut to Aden's spikenard groves,
 Where some rich caravan not long before
 Has pass'd, with cassia fraught, and balmy store,
 Charm'd with the scent that hills and vales diffuse,
 His grateful journey gayly he pursues;
 Thus pleas'd, the monarch fed his eager soul,
 And from each breeze a cloud of fragrance stole:
 Soon the fourth door * he pass'd with eager haste,
 And the fourth stream was nectar to his taste.

Before his eyes, on agate columns rear'd,
 On high a purple canopy appear'd;
 And under it in stately form was plac'd
 A table with a thousand vases grac'd;

* Taste.

Laden

Laden with all the dainties that are found
 In air, in seas, or on the fruitful ground.
 Here the fair youth reclin'd with decent pride,
 His wanton nymph was seated by his side :
 All that could please the taste the happy pair
 Cull'd from the loaded board with curious care;
 O'er their enchanted heads a mantling vine
 His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine;
 From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung
 Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung;
 With these were other fruits of every hue,
 The pale, the red, the golden, and the blue.
 An hundred smiling pages stood around,
 Their shining brows with wreaths of myrtle bound :
 They, in transparent cups of agate, bore
 Of sweetly-sparkling wines a precious store;
 The stripling sipp'd and revel'd, till the sun
 Down heaven's blue vault his daily course had run;
 Then rose, and, follow'd by the gentle maid,
 Op'd the fifth door * : a stream before them play'd.

The king, impatient for the cooling draught,
 In a full cup the mystic nectar quaff'd;

* Touch.

Then

48 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

Then with a smile (he knew no higher bliss)
 From her sweet lip he stole a balmy kiss:
 On the smooth bank of violets they reclin'd;
 And, whilst a chaplet for his brow she twin'd,
 With his soft cheek her softer cheek he press'd,
 His pliant arms were folded round her breast.
 She smil'd, soft lightning darted from her eyes,
 And from his fragrant seat she bade him rise;
 Then, while a brighter blush her face o'erspread,
 To the sixth gate * her willing guest she led.

The golden lock she softly turn'd around;
 The moving hinges gave a pleasing sound:
 The boy delighted ran with eager haste,
 And to his lips the living fountain plac'd;
 The magick water pierc'd his kindled brain,
 And a strange venom shot from vein to vein.
 Whatever charms he saw in other bowers,
 Were here combin'd, fruits, musick, odours, flowers;
 A couch besides, with softest silk o'erlaid;
 And, sweeter still, a lovely yielding maid,
 Who now more charming seem'd, and not so coy,
 And in her arms infolds the blushing boy:

* The sensual pleasures united.

They

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

49

They sport and wanton, till, with sleep oppress'd,
Like two fresh rose-buds on one stalk, they rest.

When morning spread around her purple flame,
To the sweet couch the five fair sisters came;
They hail'd the bridegroom with a cheerful voice,
And bade him make with speed a second choice.
Hard task to choose, when all alike were fair!
Now this, now that, engag'd his anxious care:
Then to the first who spoke his hand he lent;
The rest retir'd, and whisper'd as they went.
The prince enamour'd view'd his second bride;
They left the bower, and wander'd side by side,
With her he charm'd his ears, with her his sight;
With her he pass'd the day, with her the night.
Thus all by turns the sprightly stranger led,
And all by turns partook his nuptial bed;
Hours, days, and months, in pleasure flow'd away;
All laugh'd, all sweetly sung, and all were gay.

So had he wanton'd threescore days and seven,
More blest, he thought, than any son of heaven:
Till on a morn, with sighs and streaming tears,
The train of nymphs before his bed appears;

E

And

50 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

And thus the youngest of the sisters speaks,
Whilst a sad shower runs trickling down her cheeks:

“ A custom which we cannot, dare not fail,
“ (Such are the laws that in our isle prevail)
“ Compels us, prince, to leave thee here alone,
“ Till thrice the sun his rising front has shown:
“ Our parents, whom, alas! we must obey,
“ Expect us at a splendid feast to-day;
“ What joy to us can all their splendour give?
“ With thee, with only thee, we wish to live.
“ Yet may we hope, these gardens will afford
“ Some pleasing solace to our absent lord?
“ Six golden keys, that ope yon blissful gates,
“ Where joy, eternal joy, thy steps awaits,
“ Accept: the seventh (but that you heard before)
“ Leads to a cave, where ravening monsters roar;
“ A fullen, dire, inhospitable cell,
“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell.
“ Farewel, dear youth; how will our bosoms burn
“ For the sweet moment of our blest return!”

The king, who wept, yet knew his tears were vain,
Took the seven keys, and kiss'd the parting train.

A glit-

THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS. 51

A glittering car, which bounding courfers drew,
They mounted straight, and through the forest flew.

The youth, unknowing how to pass the day,
Review'd the bowers, and heard the fountains play ;
By hands unseen whate'er he wish'd was brought ;
And pleasures rose obedient to his thought.
Yet all the sweets, that ravish'd him before,
Were tedious now, and charm'd his soul no more :
Less lovely still, and still less gay they grew ;
He sigh'd, he wish'd, and long'd for something new :
Back to the hall he turn'd his weary feet,
And sat repining on his royal seat.
Now on the seventh bright gate he casts his eyes
And in his bosom rose a bold surmise :
“ The nymph, said he, was sure dispos'd to jest,
“ Who talk'd of dungeons in a place so blest :
“ What harm to open, if it be a cell
“ Where deathful spirits and magicians dwell ?
“ If dark or foul, I need not pass the door ;
“ If new or strange, my soul desires no more.”
He said, and rose ; then took the golden keys,
And op'd the door : the hinges mov'd with ease.

Before his eyes appear'd a fullen gloom,
Thick, hideous, wild ; a cavern, or a tomb.
Yet as he longer gaz'd, he saw afar
A light that sparkled like a shooting star.
He paus'd : at last, by some kind angel led,
He enter'd, and advanc'd with cautious tread.
Still as he walk'd, the light appear'd more clear ;
Hope sooth'd him then, and scarcely left a fear.
At length an aged fire surpriz'd he saw,
Who fill'd his bosom with a sacred awe * :
A book he held, which, as reclin'd he lay,
He read, assisted by a taper's ray ;
His beard, more white than snow on winter's breast,
Hung to the zone that bound his sable vest ;
A pleasing calmness on his brow was seen,
Mild was his look, majestick was his mien.
Soon as the youth approach'd the reverend sage,
He rais'd his head, and clos'd the serious page ;
Then spoke : " O son, what chance has turn'd thy feet
" To this dull solitude, and lone retreat ?"
To whom the youth : " First, holy father, tell,
" What force detains thee in this gloomy cell ?

* Religion.

" This

" This isle, this palace, and those balmy bowers,
 " Where fix sweet fountains fall on living flowers,
 " Are mine ; a train of damsels chose me king,
 " And through my kingdom smiles perpetual spring.
 " For some important cause to me unknown,
 " This day they left me joyless and alone ;
 " But, ere three morns with roses strow the skies,
 " My lovely brides will charm my longing eyes."

" Youth, said the fire, on this auspicious day
 " Some angel hither led thy erring way :
 " Hear a strange tale, and tremble at the snare,
 " Which for thy steps thy pleasing foes prepare.
 " Know, in this isle prevails a bloody law ;
 " Lift, stripling, lift ! (the youth stood fix'd with awe :)
 " * But seventy days the hapless monarchs reign,
 " Then close their lives in exile and in pain ;
 " Doom'd in a deep and frightful cave to rove,
 " Where darkness hovers o'er the iron grove.
 " Yet know, thy prudence and thy timely care
 " May save thee, son, from this destructive snare.
 " † Not far from this a lovelier island lies,
 " Too rich, too splendid, for unhallow'd eyes :

* The life of man.

† Heaven.

54 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ On that blest shore a sweeter fountain flows
 “ Than this vain clime, or this gay palace knows,
 “ Which if thou taste, whate’er was sweet before
 “ Will bitter seem, and steal thy soul no more.
 “ But, ere these happy waters thou canst reach,
 “ Thy weary steps must pass yon rugged beech,
 “ * Where the dark sea with angry billows raves,
 “ And, fraught with monsters, curls his howling waves;
 “ If to my words obedient thou attend,
 “ Behold in me thy pilot and thy friend,
 “ A bark I keep, supplied with plenteous store,
 “ That now lies anchor’d on the rocky shore;
 “ And, when of all thy regal toys bereft,
 “ In the rude cave an exile thou art left,
 “ Myself will find thee on the gloomy lea,
 “ And waft thee safely o’er the dangerous sea.”

The boy was fill’d with wonder as he spake,
 And from a dream of folly seem’d to wake:
 All day the sage his tainted thoughts refin’d;
 His reason brighten’d, and reform’d his mind:
 Through the dim cavern hand in hand they walk’d,
 And much of truth, and much of heaven, they talk’d.

* Death.

At

At night the stripling to the hall return'd ;
 With other fires his alter'd bosom burn'd.
 O ! to his wiser soul how low, how mean,
 Seem'd all he e'er had heard, had felt, had seen !
 He view'd the stars, he view'd the cryстал skies,
 And blest'd the power all-good, all-great, all-wise ;
 How lowly now appear'd the purple robe,
 The rubied sceptre, and the ivory globe !
 How dim the rays that gild the brittle earth !
 How vile the brood of Folly, and of Mirth !

When the third morning, clad in mantle gray,
 Brought in her rosy car the seventieth day,
 A band of slaves, who rush'd with furious sound,
 In chains of steel the willing captive bound ;
 From his young head the diadem they tore,
 And cast his pearly bracelets on the floor ;
 They rent his robe that bore the rose's hue,
 And o'er his breast a hairy mantle threw ;
 Then dragg'd him to the damp and dreary cave,
 Drench'd by the gloomy sea's resounding wave.
 Meanwhile the voices of a numerous croud
 Pierc'd the dun air, as thunder breaks a cloud :

56 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

The nymphs another hapless youth had found,
And then were leading o'er the guilty ground:
They hail'd him king (alas, how short his reign!)
And with fresh chaplets strow'd the fatal plain.

The happy exile, monarch now no more,
Was roving slowly o'er the lonely shore;
At last the fire's expected voice he knew,
And tow'rd the fount with hasty rapture flew.
The promis'd pinnacle just afloat he found,
And the glad sage his fetter'd hands unbound;
But when he saw the foaming billows rave,
And dragons rolling o'er the fiery wave,
He stopp'd: his guardian caught his lingering hand,
And gently led him o'er the rocky strand;
Soon as he touch'd the bark, the ocean finil'd,
The dragons vanish'd, and the waves were mild.

For many an hour with vigorous arms they row'd,
While not a star one friendly sparkle show'd;
At length a glimmering brightness they behold,
Like a thin cloud which morning dyes with gold;
To that they steer; and now, rejoic'd, they view
A shore begirt with cliffs of radiant hue.

The

They land : a train, in shining mantles clad,
 Hail their approach, and bid the youth be glad ;
 They led him o'er the lea with easy pace,
 And floated as they went with heavenly grace,
 A golden fountain soon appear'd in sight,
 That o'er the border cast a sunny light.

The sage, impatient, scoop'd the lucid wave
 In a rich vase, which to the youth he gave ;
 He drank : and straight a bright celestial beam
 Before his eyes display'd a dazzling gleam ;
 Myriads of airy shapes around him gaz'd ;
 Some prais'd his wisdom, some his courage prais'd ;
 Then o'er his limbs a starry robe they spread,
 And plac'd a crown of diamonds on his head.

His aged guide was gone, and in his place
 Stood a fair cherub flush'd with rosy grace ;
 Who, smiling, spake : “ Here ever wilt thou rest,
 “ Admir'd, lov'd, our brother and our guest ;
 “ So all shall end, whom vice can charm no more
 “ With the gay follies of that perilous shore.
 “ See yon immortal towers their gates unfold,
 “ With rubies flaming, and no earthly gold !

“ There

58 THE SEVEN FOUNTAINS.

“ There joys, before unknown, thy steps invite ;

“ Blifs without care, and morn without a night.

“ But now farewell ! my duty calls me hence ;

“ Some injur’d mortal asks my juſt defence.

“ To yon pernicious iſland I repair,

“ Swift as a ſtar.” He ſpeaks, and melts in air.

The youth o’er walks of jaſper takes his flight ;
And bounds and blazes in eternal light.



A PER.



A P E R S I A N S O N G

O F H A F I Z.

SW E E T maid, if thou would'st charm my fight,
 And bid these arms thy neck infold ;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

G A Z E L.

EGHER an Turki Shirazi
 Bedest ared dili mara,
 Be khali hinduish bakhshem
 Samarcand u Bokharara.

Boy,

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy penfive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say :
 Tell them, their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mofellay.

O ! when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display ;
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

Bedeh, faki, mei baki,
 Ke der jennet nekhahi yast
 Kunari abi Rocnabad,
 Ve gulgeshti Mofellara.

Fugan kein luliani shokh
 I shiringari shehrashob
 Chunan berdendi fabr az dil
 Ke Turcan khani yagmara,

In vain with love our bosoms glow :
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate :—ah ! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream ;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Ze eshki na temami ma

Jamali yari mustagnist ;

Be ab u reng u khal u khatt

Che hajet ruyi zibara.

Hadis az mutreb u mei gu,

Va razi dehri kemter ju,

Ke kes nekshud u nekshaied

Be hikmet ein moammara.

Beauty

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That even the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage):
 While musick charms the ravish'd ear;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

Men az an husni ruzafzun
 Ke Yufuf dashti daneftem
 Ke eshk az perdei ifmet
 Berun ared Zuleikhara.

Nasihet goshi kun jana,
 Ke az jan dostiter darend
 Juvanani faadetmend
 I pendi peeri danara.

What

What cruel answer have I heard !
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung :
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;
 But O ! far sweeter, if they please
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Bedem gufti, va khurfendam,
 Afac alla, neku gufti,
 Jawabi telkhi mizeibed
 Lebi lali sheker khara.

Gazel gufti vedurr fusti,
 Bea vakhoſh bukhan Hafiz,
 Ke ber nazmi to aſſhaned
 Felek ikdi furiara.



When I first saw you I thought
I had found my true love,
And yet, by heaven, I have been
Too much deceived, for you are
Not what I thought you were,
Nor are you what you seem to be.

For you are not what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be.

For you are not what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be.

For you are not what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,

For you are not what you seem to be,
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Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be.

For you are not what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be,
Nor are you what you seem to be.



A N
ODE OF PETRARCH,
TO THE
FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

YE clear and sparkling streams,
Warm'd by the sunny beams,
Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;
Ye boughs, that deck the grove,
Where Spring her chaplets wove,
While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
Ove le belle membra
Pose colei, che sola a me par donna;
Gentil ramo, ove piacque
(Con sospir m'rimembra)
A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna;

* M. de Voltaire has given us a beautiful paraphrase of this first stanza, though it is certain that he had never read the ode in the original,

Sweet herbs, and blushing flowers,
 That crown yon vernal bowers
 For ever fatal, yet for ever dear ;
 And ye, that heard my sighs
 When first she charm'd my eyes,
 Soft-breathing gales, my dying accents hear.

Erba, e fior', che la gonna
 Leggiadra ricoverse
 Coll' angelico feno ;
 Aer sacro sereno
 Ov' Amor co' begli occhi il cor m' aperse ;
 Date udienza insieme
 Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.

ginal, or at most only the three first lines of it ; for he asserts that the Italian song is irregular, and without rhymes ; whereas the stanzas are perfectly regular, and the rhymes very exact. His design was to give Madame du Châtelet, for whom he wrote his history, an idea of Petrarch's style ; but, if she had only read his imitation, she could have but an imperfect notion of the Italian, which the reader will easily perceive by comparing them.

If

If heaven has fix'd my doom,
 That Love must quite consume
 My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;
 Ah! grant this slight request,
 That here my urn may rest
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
 This pleasing hope will smooth
 My anxious mind, and sooth
 The pangs of that inevitable hour;
 My spirit will not grieve
 Her mortal veil to leave
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.

S' egli è pur mio destino,
 E'l cielo in ciò s' adopra,
 Ch' amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda;
 Qualche grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra;
 E torni l' alma al proprio albergo ignuda:
 La morte fia men cruda,
 Se questa speme porto
 A quel dubbioso passo;
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
 N'en piu tranquilla fossa
 Fuggir la carne travagliata, è l' ossa.

Haply the guilty maid
 Through yon accustom'd glade
 To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;
 Where first her beauty's light
 O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
 When Love on this fair border bade me stray:
 There forrowing shall she see,
 Beneath an aged tree,
 Her true but hapless lover's lowly bier;
 Too late her tender sighs
 Shall melt the pitying skies,
 And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.

Tempo verrà ancor forse
 Ch' all' usato soggiorno
 Torni la fera bella e mansueta;
 E là, ov' ella mi scorre
 Nel benedetto giorno
 Volga la vista desiosa e lieta,
 Cercandomi, ed, o pietà,
 Già terra infra le pietre
 Vedendo, Amor l'inspiri
 In guisa che sospiri
 Si dolcemente che mercè m' impetre,
 E faccia forza al cielo
 Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo.

O! well-remember'd day,
 When on yon bank she lay,
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
 The young and blooming flowers,
 Falling in fragrant showers,
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:
 Some on her mantle hung,
 Some in her locks were strung,
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
 Some, in a spicy cloud
 Descending, call'd aloud,
 "Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."

Da' bei rami scendea
 Dolce nella memoria
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo;
 Ed ella si fedeo,
 Humile in tanta gloria
 Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo:
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
 Qual sulle trecchie bionde,
 Ch' oro forbito e perle
 Eran quel di a vederle,
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual full' onde;
 Qual con un vago errore
 Girando pareo dir, "Qui regna Amore."

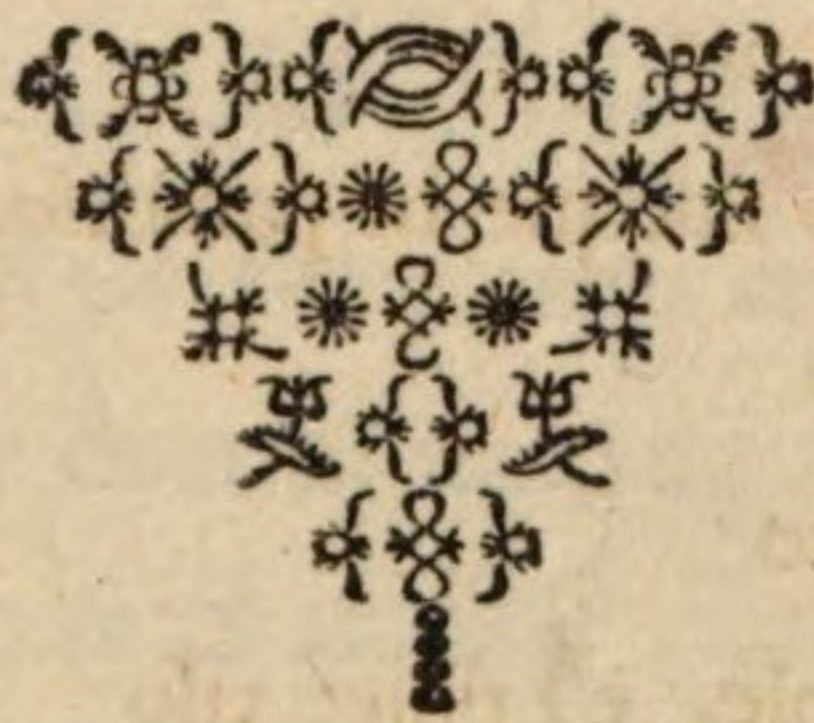
I view'd the heavenly maid;
 And, rapt in wonder, said
 "The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"
 Her look, her voice, her smile,
 That might all heaven beguile,
 Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
 The star-bespangled skies
 Were open'd to my eyes;
 Sighing I said, "Whence rose this glittering scene?"
 Since that auspicious hour,
 This bank, and odorous bower,
 My morning couch, and evening haunt, have been.

Quante volte dis'io
 Allor pien di spavento
 "Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso,"
 Così carico d' oblio
 Il divin portamento
 E'l volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riso
 M'aveano, e si diviso
 Dall' imagine vera,
 Ch' i' dicea sospirando,
 "Qui come venn' io, o quando?"
 Credendo esser' in ciel, non là dov' era.
 Da indi in quà mi piace
 Questa erba sì ch' altrove non o pace.

Well

Well mayst thou blush, my song,
 To leave the rural throng,
 And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
 But, were thy poet's fire
 Ardent as his desire,
 Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear.

Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' ai voglia,
 Potresti arditamente
 Uscir del bosco, e gir' infra la gente.



OF THE

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OF THE

FIRST STANZA

Châire, fêliche, o dolci acque &c.

CLARE fontaine, onde amabile, onde pura,
Où la beauté qui console mon cœur,

Seule pour moi, qui suis dans la nature,
Des lieux du jour c'est la clarté;

Aidez-moi donc, dans le travail,
Aidez-moi par vos vagues

La courbe de vos ondes,

Et rappelez-moi toujours

La répétition des vagues.

Orlando



M. DE VOLTAIRE'S PARAPHRASE

O F T H E

FIRST STANZA,

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque &c.

CLAIRE fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
 Ou la beauté qui consume mon cœur,
 Seule beauté, qui soit dans la nature,
 Des feux du jour evite la chaleur ;
 Arbre heureux, dont le feuillage
 Agité par les Zephirs
 La couvris de son ombrage,
 Qui rappelles mes soupirs,
 En rappelant son image,

Ornemens

Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous moins brillantes qu'Elle,
Fleurs, qu'elle embellissait, quand vous touchiez son sein,
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et moins belle,
Air devenu plus pur, adorable séjour,
Immortalisé par ses charmes,
Lieux dangereux et chers, ou de ses tendres armes
L'amour a blessé tous mes sens,
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernières larmes.



L A U R A,



L A U R A,

AN ELEGY FROM PETRARCH.

* **I**N this fair season, when the whispering gales
 Drop showers of fragrance o'er the bloomy vales,
 From bower to bower the vernal warblers play;
 The skies are cloudless, and the meads are gay;

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 1. Petrarch. Sonnet. 270.

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena,
 E' i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia;
 E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomela;
 E primavera candida, e vermiglia:

Ridono

The nightingale in many a melting strain
 Sings to the groves, "Here Mirth and Beauty reign."
 But me, for ever bath'd in gushing tears,
 No mirth enlivens, and no beauty cheers :
 The birds that warble, and the flowers that bloom,
 Relieve no more this solitary gloom.
 I see, where late the verdant meadow smil'd,
 A joyless desert, and a dreary wild,
 For those dear eyes, that pierc'd my heart before,
 Are clos'd in death, and charm the world no more :

I M I T A T I O N S.

Ridono i prati, e'l ciel si rasserena;
 Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
 L'aria, e l'acque, e la terra e d'amor piena;
 Ogni animal d'amar si riconfiglia :
 Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi
 Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
 Quella ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi :
 E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
 E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,
 Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Loft are thofe trefles, that outfhone the morn,
 And pale thofe cheeks, that might the fkies adorn.
 * Ah, death ! thy hand has cropp'd the faireft flower,
 That fhed its finiling rays in beauty's bower ;
 Thy dart has lay'd on yonder fable bier
 All my foul lov'd, and all the world held dear ;
 Celeftial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
 Soft-ey'd benevolence, and white-rob'd truth.

† Hard fate of man, on whom the heavens beftow
 A drop of pleafure for a fea of woe !

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 17. Sonnet. 243.

Discolorato ai, morte, il piu bel volto
 Che mai fi vede, e'i plu begli occhi fpenti ;
 Spirto piu acceso di virtuti ardenti
 Del piu leggiadro, e piu bel nodo ai fciolto !

† Ver. 28. Sonnet, 230.

O noftra vita, ch'è fi bella in vifta !
 Com' perde agevolmente in un' mattina
 Quel che'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquifta.

Ah,

Ah, life of care, in fears or hopes consum'd,
 Vain hopes, that wither ere they well have bloom'd!
 How oft, emerging from the shades of night,
 Laughs the gay morn, and spreads a purple light;
 But soon the gathering clouds o'ershade the skies,
 Red lightnings play, and thundering storms arise!
 How oft a day, that fair and mild appears,
 Grows dark with fate, and mars the toil of years!

* Not far remov'd, yet hid from distant eyes,
 Low in her secret grot a Naiad lies.

IMITATIONS.

* Ver. 33. See a description of this celebrated fountain in a poem of Madame Deshoulières.

Entre de hauts rochers, dont l'aspect est terrible,
 Des pres toujours fleuris, des arbres toujours verts,
 Une source orgueilleuse et pure,
 Dont l'eau sur cent rochers divers
 D'une mousse verte couverts,
 S'épanche, bouillonne, et murmure;
 Des agneaux bondissans sur la tendre verdure,
 Et de leurs conducteurs les rustiques concerts, &c.

Steep

Steep arching rocks, with verdant moss o'ergrown,
Form her rude diadem, and native throne :
There in a gloomy cave her waters sleep,
Clear as a brook, but as an ocean deep.
Yet, when the waking flowers of April blow,
And warmer sunbeams melt the gather'd snow ;
Rich with the tribute of the vernal rains,
The nymph, exulting, bursts her silver chains ;
Her living waves in sparkling columns rise,
And shine like rainbows to the sunny skies ;
From cliff to cliff the falling waters roar ;
Then die in murmurs, and are heard no more.
Hence, softly flowing in a dimpled stream,
The crystal Sorga spreads a lively gleam ;
From which a thousand rills in mazes glide,
And deck the banks with summer's gayest pride ;
Brighten the verdure of the smiling plains,
And crown the labour of the joyful swains.

First on these banks (ah, dream of short delight !)
The charms of Laura struck my dazzled sight ;
Charms, that the bliss of Eden might restore,
That heaven might envy, and mankind adore.

I saw—

I saw—and O! what heart could long rebel?
I saw, I lov'd, and bade the world farewell.
Where'er she mov'd, the meads were fresh and gay,
And every bower exhal'd the sweets of May;
Smooth flow'd the streams, and softly blew the gale;
The rising flowers impurpled every dale;
Calm was the ocean, and the sky serene;
An universal smile o'erspread the shining scene:
But when in death's cold arms entranc'd she lay,
(* Ah, ever dear, yet ever fatal day !)
O'er all the air a direful gloom was spread;
Pale were the meads, and all their blossoms dead;
The clouds of April shed a baleful dew,
All nature wore a veil of deadly hue.

Go, plaintive breeze, to Laura's flowery bier,
Heave the warm sigh, and shed the tender tear:
There to the awful shade due homage pay,
And softly thus address the sacred clay:

* Laura was first seen by Petrarch on the sixth of April in the year 1327; and she died on the same day in 1348.

* Say

“ * Say, envied earth, that dost those charms infold,
 “ Where are those cheeks, and where those locks of gold?
 “ Where are those eyes, which oft the Muse has sung?
 “ Where those sweet lips, and that enchanting tongue?
 “ Ye radiant tresses, and thou, nectar’d smile;
 “ Ye looks that might the melting skies beguile;
 “ You robb’d my soul of rest, my eyes of sleep;
 “ You taught me how to love, and how to weep.”

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 75. Sonnet. 260.

Quanta invidia ti porto, avara terra,
 Ch’ abbracci quella, cui veder m’ è tolto.

And Sonnet. 259.

Ov’ è la fronte, che con picciol cenno
 Volgea ’l mio core in questa parte, e’n quella?
 Ov’ è ’l bel ciglio, e l’ una e l’ altra stella,
 Ch’ al corso del mio viver lume denno? &c.

* No shrub o'erhangs the dew-bespangled vale,
 No blossom trembles to the dying gale,
 No floweret blushes in the morning rays,
 No stream along the winding valley plays,
 But knows what anguish thrills my tortur'd breast,
 What pains consume me, and what cares infest.
 * At blush of dawn, and in the gloom of night,
 Her pale-eyed phantom swims before my sight,

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 83. Sonnet. 248.

Non è sterpe, ne fasso in questi monti,
 Non ramo o fronda verde in queste piagge;
 Non fior' in queste valli, o foglia d'erba;
 Stilla d'acque non ven di queste fonti,
 Ne fiere an questi boschi sì selvagge,
 Che non sappian quant'è mia pena acerba.

† Ver. 89. Sonnet. 241.

Or' in forma di ninfa, o d'altra diva,
 Che del più chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
 E pongasi a feder' in su la riva:
 Or' l' o veduta su per l'erba fresca
 Calcar' i fior, com' una donna viva,
 Mostando in vista, che di me le'n cresca.

Sits on the border of each purling rill,
 Crowns every bower, and glides o'er every hill.
 * Flows the loud rivulet down the mountain's brow?
 Or pants the Zephyr on the waving bough?
 Or sips the labouring bee her balmy dew,
 And with soft strains her fragrant toil pursues?
 Or warbles from yon silver-blossom'd thorn
 The wakeful bird, that hails the rising morn?

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 93. Sonnet. 239.

Se lamentar' augelli, o verdi fronde
 Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,
 O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
 S'ode d'una fiorita e fresca riva,
 La v' io feggia d' amor pensoso, e scriviva;
 Lei che'l ciel ne mostrò, terra nascondé,
 Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo, ch' ancor viva
 Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
 Deh! perche innanzi tempo ti consume?
 Mi dice con pietate, a che pur versi
 Dagli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
 Di me non pianger tu; che miei di ferfi,
 Morendo, eterni, e nell' eterno lume,
 Quando mostrai di chiuder gl' occhi, aperfi.

My Laura's voice in many a soothing note
Floats through the yielding air, or seems to float:

“ Why fill thy sighs, she says, this lonely bower?
“ Why down thy bosom flows this endless shower?
“ Complain no more; but hope ere long to meet
“ Thy much-lov'd Laura in a happier seat.
“ Here fairer scenes detain my parted shade;
“ Suns that ne'er set, and flowers that never fade:
“ Through crystal skies I wing my joyous flight,
“ And revel in eternal blaze of light;
“ See all thy wanderings in that vale of tears,
“ And smile at all thy hopes, at all thy fears:
“ Death wak'd my soul, that slept in life before,
“ And op'd these brighten'd eyes, to sleep no more.”

She ends: the fates, that will no more reveal,
Fix on her closing lips their sacred seal.

“ Return, sweet shade! I wake, and fondly say,
“ O, cheer my gloom with one far-beaming ray!
“ Return: thy charms my sorrow will dispel,
“ And snatch my spirit from her mortal cell;
“ Then, mix'd with thine, exulting she shall fly,
“ And bound entraptur'd through her native sky.”

She

She comes no more : my pangs more fierce return ;
 Tears gush in streams, and sighs my bosom burn.
 * Ye banks, that oft my weary limbs have born ;
 Ye murmuring brooks, that learnt of me to mourn ;
 Ye birds, that tune with me your plaintive lay ;
 Ye groves, where Love once taught my steps to stray ;
 You, ever sweet and ever fair, renew
 Your strains melodious, and your blooming hue ;
 But not in my sad heart can bliss remain,
 My heart, the haunt of never-ceasing pain !

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 123. Sonnet. 261.

Valle, che de' lamenti miei se' piena ;
 Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;
 Fere felvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,
 Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena ;
 Aria de' miei sospir' calda e serena ;
 Dolce sentier, che si amaro riesci ;
 Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci ;
 Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;
 Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,
 Non, lasso, in me, che da si lieta vista,
 Son fatto albergo d'infinita doglia.

Henceforth, to sing in smoothly-warbled lays
 The smiles of youth, and beauty's heavenly rays;
 * To see the morn her early charms unfold,
 Her cheeks of roses, and her curls of gold;
 † Led by the sacred Muse at noon to rove
 O'er tufted mountain, vale, or shady grove;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 133. Sonnet. 251.

Quand' io veggio dal ciel scender l'Aurora,
 Con la fronte di rose, e co' crin d'oro,

† Ver. 135. Sonnet. 272.

Ne per sereno ciel ir vaghe stelle;
 Ne per tranquillo mar legni spalmati;
 Ne per campagne cavalieri armati;
 Ne per bei boschi allegre fere e snelle;
 Ne d'aspettato ben fresche novelle,
 Ne dir d'Amore in stili alti ed ornati;
 Ne tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
 Dolce cantare oneste donne e belle;
 Ne altro farà mai ch' al cor m'aggiunga,
 Si feco il seppa quella seppellire,
 Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume e specchio.

To watch the stars, that gild the lucid pole,
 And view yon orbs in mazy order roll;
 To hear the tender nightingale complain,
 And warble to the woods her amorous strain;
 No more shall these my pensive soul delight,
 But each gay vision melts in endless night.

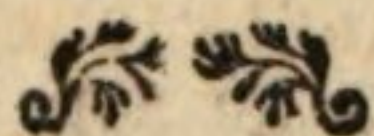
* Nymphs, who in glimmering glades by moonlight
 dance,

And ye, who through the liquid crystal glance,
 Who oft have heard my sadly-pleasing moan;
 Behold me now a lifeless marble grown.
 Ah! lead me to the tomb where Laura lies;
 Clouds, fold me round; and, gather'd darkness, rise;
 Bear me, ye gales, in death's soft slumber lay'd;
 And, ye bright realms, receive my fleeting shade!

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ver. 143. Sonnet. 263.

O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi,
 O Ninfe, e voi, che'l fresco erboso fondo
 Del liquido cristallo alberga e pasce.



A T U R-



A

T U R K I S H O D E

O F M E S I H I.

HE A R how the nightingales, on every spray,
 Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May !
 The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
 The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows ;
 The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

DINLEH bulbul kiffa sen kim gildi eiami behar,
 Kurdi her bir baghda hengamei hengami behar,
 Oldi sim afshan ana ezhari badami behar
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar,

*Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, "that the vernal season
 approaches." The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove,
 where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full
 of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.*

What

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air !
 Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear.
 Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
 When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May ?
 Ev'n death, perhaps, our valleys will invade.
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
 And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
 Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
 The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue !
 Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade ?
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Yineh enwei shukufileh bezendi bagh u ragh,
 Ysh ichun kurdi chichekler fahni gulshenda otagh,
 Kim bilur ol behareh dek kih u kim ola fagh ?
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
 Tarafi gulshen nuri Ahmed birleh malamaldur,
 Sebzelerinda sehabehe lalehi kheirulaldur,
 Hei Mohammed ummeti wakti huzuri haldur.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers :
 a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden.
 Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends ?
 Be cheerful, &c.*

*The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed : among
 the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come,
 O people of Mohammed, this is the season of merriment. Be
 cheerful, &c.*

The

The sparkling dewdrops o'er the lilies play,
 Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
 If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
 Attend, ye nymphs! (a poet's words are sage).
 While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The fresh blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
 When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
 The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
 And nature says, "They are too sweet to last."
 So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid!
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Kildi shebnem yineh jeuherdari tighi fufeni,
 Zhalehler aldi hewai doiyile leh gulshene,
 Gher temasha iseh maksudun beni esleh beni.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
 Rukhleri rengin giuzellar dur gulileh lalehlar,
 Kim kulaklarineh durlu jeuher asmish zhalehlar,
 Aldanup fanma ki bunlar boileh baki kalehlar.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright scymitar. The dewdrops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted. Be cheerful, &c.

The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself, by thinking that these charms will have a long duration. Be cheerful, &c.

See

See yon anemonies their leaves unfold,
 With rubies flaming, and with living gold !
 While crystal showers from weeping clouds descend,
 Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.
 Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
 No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head :
 The shrubs revive in valleys, meads, and bowers,
 And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers ;
 In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade,

Gulistanda giorunin laleh u gul naoman leh
 Baghda kan aldi shemfun nishteri baran leh,
 Arefun bu demi khosh gior bu giun yaran leh,
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar,
 Gitti ol demler ki olup febzeler fahib ferash,
 Guncheh fikri gulshenun olmishdi bagherinda bash,
 Gildi bir dem kim karardi laleh lerle dagh u tash,
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Tulips, roses, and anemonies, appear in the gardens: the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful, &c.

The time is passed in which the plants were sick, and the rose-bud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are coloured with tulips. Be cheerful, &c.

Clear

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
 And from its leaf the Zephyr drinks perfume;
 The dewy buds expand their lucid store :
 Be this our wealth : ye damsels, ask no more.
 Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

The dewdrops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
 Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the dale.
 The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
 Without our labour, o'er our favour'd heads.
 Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade.
 Be gay : too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Ebr gulzari uftuneh her fubh goher bariken,
 Nefhei badi feher por nafei tatariken :
 Ghafil olmeh alemun mahbublighi wariken.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Buyi gulzar itti sholdenlu hewai mushknab
 Kim yereh inengeh olur ketrei shebnem gulab.
 Cherkh otak kurdi gulistan uftuneh giunlik sehab.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

*Each morning the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden : the
 breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be not neglectful of thy
 duty through too great a love of the world. Be cheerful, &c.*

*The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the
 dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a
 pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful, &c.*

Let

Late gloomy winter chill'd the fullen air,
 Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
 Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
 And pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
 Here on the bank, which mantling vines o'ershade,
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
 A true memorial of this lovely train.
 Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
 Thyself the rose, and He the bird of spring:
 Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
 Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring will fade.

Gulistanun her ne sen aldi fiah badi khuzan,
 Adl idup bir bir ileh wardi yineh shahi jehan.
 Deuletinda badehler kam oldi fakii kamran.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.
 Omerem buleh, Mefihi, bu merbai ishtihar,
 Ehlene ola bu charabru u giuzeller yadgar,
 Bulbuli khosh gui sen gulyuzluler leh yuriwar.
 Ysh u nush it kim gicher kalmaz bu eiami behar.

Whoever thou art, know that the black gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the king of the world again appeared dispensing justice to all: in his reign the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful, &c.

By these strains I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Mefihi, when thou walkest with the damsels, whose cheeks are like roses. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

T H E

T H E S A M E,

IN IMITATION OF THE

P E R V I G I L I U M V E N E R I S.

ALITES audis loquaces per nemora, per arbutos,
 Veris adventum canentes tinnulo modulamine;
 Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amygdalas :
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum ; florem ver fugit,
 abit !

Ecce jam flores refulgent gemmeis honoribus,
 Quique prata, quique saltûs, quique sylvulas amant ;
 Quis scit an nox una nobis dormienda æterna sit ?
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum ; florem ver fugit,
 abit !

Quantus est nitor rosarum ! quantus hyacinthi decor !
 Non ocellus, cùm renidet, est puellæ lætior :
 Hic levi dies amoris est, hic voluptati sacer :
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum ; florem ver fugit,
 abit !

Ecce

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ roris micant,
 Per genam rosæ cadentes, perque mite lilium:
 Auribus gratum, puellæ, sit meum vestris melos;
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
 abit!

Ut rosa in prato refulget, sic teres virgo nitet,
 Hæc onusta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:
 Ne perenne vel puellæ vel rosæ speres decus.
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
 abit!

Aspice, ut rosæta amictu discolori splendeant,
 Prata dum fœcundat æther læta gratis imbribus,
 Fervidos inter sodales da voluptati diem.
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
 abit!

Jam situ deformis ægro non jacet rosæ calyx;
 Ver adest, ver pingit hortos purpurantes floribus,
 Perque saxa, perque colles, perque lucos emicat:
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; florem ver fugit,
 abit!

Ecce,

96 CARMEN TURCICUM.

Ecce, per rosæ papillas suavè rident guttulæ,
 Quas odorifer resolvit lenis auræ spiritus ;
 Hæ pyropis, hæ smaragdis cariores Indicis.
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum ; florem ver fugit,
 abit !

Is tenellis per vireta spirat è rosis odor,
 Ut novum stillans amomum ros in herbas decidat,
 Suavè olentibus coronans lacrymis conopeum.
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum ; florem ver fugit,
 abit !

Acris olim cum malignis sæviit ventis hyems ;
 Sed rosæto, solis instar, regis affulsit nitor ;
 Floruit nemus repentè, dulce manavit merum :
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum ; florem ver fugit,
 abit !

His iners modis, Mefihi, melleam aptabās chelyn ;
 Veris ales est poeta ; verna cantat gaudia,
 Et rosas carpit tepentes è puellarum genis.
 Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum ; florem ver fugit,
 abit !

ARCADIA,



A R C A D I A,

A P A S T O R A L P O E M.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following pastoral was written in the year 1762; but the author, finding some tolerable passages in it, was induced to correct it afterwards, and to give it a place in this collection. He took the hint of it from an allegory of Mr. Addison, in the thirty-second paper of the Guardian; which is set down in the margin, that the reader may see where he has copied the original, and where he has deviated from it. In this piece, as it now stands, Menalcas, king of the shepherds, means Theocritus, the most ancient,

H

and

and perhaps the best, writer of pastorals: and by his two daughters, Daphne and Hyla, must be understood the two sorts of pastoral poetry; the one elegant and polished, the other simple and unadorned; in both of which he excelled. Virgil, whom Pope chiefly followed, seems to have borne away the palm in the higher sort; and Spenser, whom Gay imitated with success, had equal merit in the more rustick style: these two poets, therefore, may justly be supposed in this allegory to have inherited his kingdom of Arcadia.



ARCADIA.



A R C A D I A.

IN those fair plains, where glittering Ladon roll'd
 His wanton labyrinth o'er sands of gold,
 Menalcas reign'd: from Pan his lineage came;
 Rich were his vales, and deathless was his fame.
 When youth impell'd him, and when love inspir'd,
 The listening nymphs his Dorick lays admir'd:

I M I T A T I O N S.

Guardian, N^o 32.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named Menalcas, who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age.

H 2

To

To hear his notes the swains with rapture flew;
 A softer pipe no shepherd ever blew.
 But now, oppress'd beneath the load of age,
 Belov'd, respected, venerable, sage,
 * Of heroes, demigods, and gods he sung;
 His reed neglected on a poplar hung:
 Yet all the rules, that young Arcadians keep,
 He kept, and watch'd each morn his bleating sheep.

Two lovely daughters were his dearest care;
 Both mild as May, and both as April fair:
 Love, where they mov'd, each youthful breast inflam'd;
 And Daphne this, and Hyla that was nam'd.
 † The first was bashful as a blooming bride,
 And all her mien display'd a decent pride;

IMITATIONS.

‡ He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most enchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but, having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree.

NOTE.

* This couplet alludes to the higher Idyllia of Theocritus; as the *Ἐγκώμιον εἰς Πτολεμαῖον*, the *Διόσκυροι*, and others, which are of the heroic kind.

Her

Her tresses, braided in a curious knot,
 Were close confin'd, and not a hair forgot ;
 Where many a flower, in mystick order plac'd,
 With myrtle twin'd, her filken fillet grac'd ;
 Nor with less neatness was her robe dispos'd,
 And every fold a pleasing art disclos'd ;
 Her sandals of the brightest silk were made,
 And, as she walk'd, gave lustre to the shade ;
 A graceful ease in every step was seen,
 She mov'd a shepherdes, yet look'd a queen.
 Her sister scorn'd to dwell in arching bowers,
 Or deck her locks with wreaths of fading flowers ;
 O'er her bare shoulder flow'd her auburn hair,
 And, fann'd by Zephyrs, floated on the air ;
 Green were her buskins, green the vest she wore,
 And in her hand a knotty crook she bore.
 * The voice of Daphne might all pains disarm ;
 Yet, heard too long, its sweetness ceas'd to charm :

 I M I T A T I O N S.

* She had a voice that was exceedingly sweet ; yet had a
 rusticity in her tone, which, however, to most who heard her
 seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in
 general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were

But none were tir'd when artless Hyla sung,
Though something rustick warbled from her tongue.

Thus both in beauty grew, and both in fame,
Their manners different, yet their charms the same.
The young Arcadians, tuneful from their birth,
To love devoted, and to rural mirth,
Beheld, and fondly lov'd the royal maids,
And sung their praise in valleys, lawns, and glades;
From morn to latest eve they wept, and sigh'd;
And some for Daphne, some for Hyla, died:
Each day new presents to the nymphs they bore,
And in gay order spread the shining store;
Some beechen bowls and polish'd sheephooks brought,
With ebon knots, and studs of silver, wrought;
Some led in flowery bands the playful fawn,
Or bounding roe, that spurn'd the grassy lawn;
The rest on nature's blooming gifts relied,
And rais'd their slender hopes on beauty's pride:

IMITATIONS.

numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received.

But

But the coy maids, regardless of their pain,
Their vows derided, and their plaintive strain.
Hence some, whom love with lighter flames had fir'd,
Broke their soft flutes, and in despair retir'd;
To milder damsels told their amorous tale,
And found a kinder Daphne in the vale.

It happen'd on a cheerful morn of May,
When every meadow smil'd in fresh array,
The shepherds, rising at an early hour,
In crouds assembled round the regal bower,
There hail'd in sprightly notes the peerless maids;
And tender accents trembled through the glades.
Menalcas, whom the larks with many a lay
Had call'd from slumber at the dawn of day,
By chance was roving through a bordering dale,
And heard the swains their youthful woes bewail.
He knew the cause; for long his prudent mind
To sooth their cares indulgently design'd:
Slow he approach'd; then wav'd his awful hand,
And, leaning on his crook, address'd the listening band.

“ Arcadian shepherds, to my words attend!
In silence hear your monarch, and your friend.

Your fruitless pains, which none can disapprove,
 Excite my pity, not my anger move.
 Two gentle maids, the solace of my age,
 Fill all my soul, and all my care engage;
 When death shall join me to the pale-ey'd throng,
 To them my sylvan empire will belong;
 But, lest with them the royal line should fail,
 And civil discord fill this happy vale,
 Two chosen youths the beauteous nymphs must wed,
 To share their power, and grace the genial bed:
 * So may the swains our ancient laws obey,
 And all Arcadia own their potent sway.
 But what sage counsel can their choice direct?
 Whom can the nymphs prefer, or whom reject?
 So like your passion, and so like your strain,
 That all deserve, yet cannot all obtain.

I M I T A T I O N S.

* For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law,
 who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but
 had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of
 an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon
 the Fairy, with a particular charge, not to bestow his daughter
 on any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at
 that time he entertained him with.

So,

Hear then my tale: as late, by fancy led
 To steep Cyllene's ever-vocal head,
 With winding steps I wander'd through the wood,
 And pour'd wild notes, a Faun before me stood;
 A flute he held, which as he softly blew,
 The feather'd warblers to the sound he drew;
 Then to my hand the precious gift consign'd,
 And said, "Menalcas, ease thy wondering mind:
 "This pipe, on which the god of shepherds play'd,
 "When love inflam'd him, and the * viewless maid,
 "Receive: ev'n Pan thy tuneful skill confess'd,
 "And after Pan thy lips will grace it best,
 "Thy daughter's beauty every breast inspires,
 "And all thy kingdom glows with equal fires:
 "But let those favour'd youths alone succeed,
 "Who blow with matchless art this heavenly reed."
 † This said, he disappear'd. Then hear my will:
 Be bold, ye lovers, and exert your skill;

 I M I T A T I O N S.

† When the time that he designed to give her in marriage
 was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited

N O T E.

* Echo.

the

Be they my sons, who sing the softest strains,
 And tune to sweetest notes their pleasing pains:
 But mark! whoe'er shall by too harsh a lay
 Offend our ears, and from our manners stray,
 He, for our favour, and our throne unfit,
 To some disgraceful penance must submit."

He ends; the shepherds at his words rejoice,
 And praise their sovereign with a grateful voice.
 Each swain believes the lovely prize his own,
 And sits triumphant on th' ideal throne;
 Kind Vanity their want of art supplies,
 And gives indulgent what the Muse denies;
 Gay vests and flowery garlands each prepares,
 And each the dress, that suits his fancy, wears.

IMITATIONS.

the neighbouring youths to make trial of this musical instrument, with promise, that the victor should possess his daughter on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those, who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their
 respective

Now deeper blushes ting'd the glowing sky,
And evening rais'd her silver lamp on high;
When, in a bower by Ladon's lucid stream,
Where not a star could dart his piercing beam,
So thick the curling eglantines display'd,
With woodbines join'd, an aromattick shade,
The father of the blooming nymphs reclin'd,
His hoary locks with sacred laurel twin'd:
The royal damsels, seated by his side,
Shone like two flowers in summer's fairest pride:
The swains before them crouded in a ring,
Prepar'd to blow the flute, or sweetly sing.

First, in the midst a graceful youth arose,
Born in those fields where crystal Mele flows:

I M I T A T I O N S.

respective fancies. The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers; and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a flight green fluff;

His air was courtly, his complexion fair;
And rich perfumes shed sweetness from his hair,
That o'er his shoulder wav'd in flowing curls,
With roses braided, and inwreath'd with pearls;
A wand of cedar for his crook he bore;
His slender foot th' Arcadian sandal wore,
Yet that so rich, it seem'd to fear the ground,
With beaming gems and filken ribbands bound;
The plumage of an ostrich grac'd his head,
And with embroider'd flowers his mantle was o'erspread.

I M I T A T I O N S.

stuff; she had her sheephook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other. The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and a courtly air, but dressed in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut, indeed, after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheephook glittered with gold and enamel. He applied the pipe to his lips, and began a tune, which he set off with so many graces and quavers,

* He sung the darling of th' Idalian queen,
 Fall'n in his prime on sad Cythera's green;
 When weeping graces left the faded plains,
 And tun'd their strings to elegiack strains;
 While mourning Loves the tender burden bore,
 "Adonis, fair Adonis, charms no more."
 The theme displeas'd the nymph, whose ruder ear
 The tales of simple shepherds lov'd to hear.
 The maids and youths, who saw the swain advance,
 And take the fatal pipe, prepar'd to dance:
 So wildly, so affectedly, he play'd,
 His tune so various and uncouth he made,
 That not a dancer could in cadence move,
 And not a nymph the quaver'd notes approve:

 I M I T A T I O N S.

quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses, who had paired themselves in order to dance, could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

N O T E.

* See Bion, Moschus, &c.

They

They broke their ranks, and join'd the circling train,
 While bursts of laughter founded o'er the plain.
 Menalcas rais'd his hand, and bade retire
 The filken courtier from th' Arcadian choir:
 Two eager shepherds, at the king's command,
 Rent his gay plume, and snapp'd his polish'd wand;
 They tore his vest, and o'er his bosom threw
 A weed of homely grain and russet hue;
 Then fill'd with wither'd herbs his scented locks,
 And scornful drove him to the low-brow'd rocks;
 There doom'd to rove, deserted and forlorn,
 Till thrice the moon had arch'd her silver horn.

* The next that rose, and took the mystick reed,
 Was wrapp'd ungraceful in a fordid weed:

* The second that appeared was in a very different garb.
 He was cloathed in a garment of rough goat-skins, his hair was
 matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and awkward
 in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her,
 "He had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he
 "hoped to kiss one that was sweeter." The fair one blushed
 with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as
 she

A shaggy hide was o'er his shoulder spread,
And wreaths of noxious darnel bound his head;
Unshorn his beard, and tangled was his hair,
He rudely walk'd, and thus address'd the fair:
" My kids I fondle, and my lambs I kifs ;
" Ah ! grant, sweet maid, a more delightful blifs."
The damsels blush with anger and disdain,
And turn indignant from the shameless swain ;
To Pan in silence, and to Love, they pray,
To make his musick hateful as his lay.
The gods assent : the flute he roughly takes,
And scarce with pain a grating murmur makes ;
But when in jarring notes he forc'd his song,
Just indignation fir'd the rural throng :
Shame of Arcadia's bowers ! the youths exclaim,
Whose tuneless lays disgrace a shepherd's name !

I M I T A T I O N S.

she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with great difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all that he understood no musick. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The

The watchful heralds, at Menalcas' nod,
 Pursued the rustick with a vengeful rod;
 Condemn'd three summers on the rocky shore
 To feed his goats, and touch a pipe no more.

* Now to the ring a portly swain advanc'd,
 Who neither wholly walk'd, nor wholly danc'd;
 Yet mov'd in pain, so close his crimson vest
 Was clasp'd uneasy o'er his straining breast:
 † "Fair nymph, said he, the roses, which you wear,
 "Your charms improve not, but their own impair."

IMITATIONS.

* The third that advanced appeared in clothes that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move in pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look, and stately pace, and said, "Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed." As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood still like people astonished and confounded.

NOTE.

† See Tasso, Guarini, Fontenelle, Camoens, Garcilasso, and Lope de la Vega; and other writers of pastorals in Italian, French, Portuguese, and Spanish.

The

The maids, unus'd to flowers of eloquence,
Smil'd at the words, but could not guess their sense.
When in his hand the sacred reed he took,
Long time he view'd it with a pensive look;
Then gave it breath, and rais'd a shriller note
Than when the bird of morning swells his throat;
Through every interval, now low, now high,
Swift o'er the stops his fingers seem'd to fly:
The youths, who heard such musick with surprize,
Gaz'd on the tuneful bard with wondering eyes:
He saw with secret pride their deep amaze,
Then said, * "Arcadia shall resound my praise,
" And every clime my powerful art shall own;
" This, this, ye swains, is melody alone:
" To me Amphion taught the heavenly strains,
" Amphion, born on rich Hesperian plains."

* In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of musick composed by the most skilful master of Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him clothes that would fit him, and teach him how to speak plain.

To whom Menalcas : “ Stranger, we admire
 “ Thy notes melodious, and thy rapturous fire ;
 “ But ere to these fair valleys thou return,
 “ Adopt our manners, and our language learn :
 “ Some aged shepherd shall thy air improve,
 “ And teach thee how to speak, and how to move.”

* Soon to the bower a modest stripling came,
 Fairest of swains ; and † Tityrus his name :
 Mild was his look, an easy grace he shew'd,
 And o'er his beauteous limbs a decent mantle flow'd :
 As through the croud he press'd, the sylvan choir
 His mien applauded, and his neat attire ;
 And Daphne, yet untaught in amorous lore,
 Felt strange desires, and pains unknown before.

IMITATIONS.

* The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sigh'd. He moved towards her with an easy, but unassured, air : she blush'd as he came near her ; and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither

NOTE.

† The name supposed to be taken by Virgil in his first pastoral.

could

He now begins; the dancing hills attend,
 And knotty oaks from mountain-tops descend:
 He sings of swains beneath the beechen shade,
 * When lovely Amaryllis fill'd the glade;
 Next, in a sympathizing lay, complains
 Of love unpitied, and the lover's pains:
 But when with art the hallow'd pipe he blew,
 What deep attention hush'd the rival crew!
 He play'd so sweetly, and so sweetly sung,
 That on each note th' enraptur'd audience hung;
 Ev'n blue-hair'd nymphs, from Ladon's limpid stream,
 Rais'd their bright heads, and listen'd to the theme;
 Then through the yielding waves in transport glanc'd;
 Whilst on the banks the joyful shepherds danc'd:

I M I T A T I O N S.

could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that, though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such musick by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities.

N O T E.

* *Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvam. Virg.*

“ We oft, said they, at close of evening flowers,
 “ Have heard such musick in the vocal bowers:
 “ We wonder’d; for we thought some amorous god,
 “ That on a silver moonbeam swiftly rode,
 “ Had fann’d with starry plumes the floating air,
 “ And touch’d his harp, to charm some mortal fair.”

He ended; and as rolling billows loud
 His praise resounded from the circling croud.
 The clamorous tumult softly to compose,
 High in the midst the plaintive * Colin rose,
 Born on the liliéd banks of royal Thame,
 Which oft had rung with Rosalinda’s name;
 Fair, yet neglected; neat, yet unadorn’d;
 The pride of drefs, and flowers of art, he scorn’d:
 And, like the nymph who fir’d his youthful breast,
 Green were his buskins, green his simple vest:
 With careless ease his rustick lays he sung,
 And melody flow’d smoothly from his tongue:
 Of June’s gay fruits and August’s corn he told,
 The bloom of April, and December’s cold;

 N O T E.

* Colin is the name that Spenser takes in his pastorals; and Rosalinda is that under which he celebrates his mistress.

The

* The loves of shepherds, and their harmless cheer
 In every month that decks the varied year.
 Now on the flute with equal grace he play'd,
 And his soft numbers died along the shade;
 The skilful dancers to his accents mov'd,
 And every voice his easy tune approv'd;
 Ev'n Hyla, blooming maid, admir'd the strain,
 While through her bosom shot a pleasing pain.

Now all were hush'd: no rival durst arise;
 Pale were their cheeks, and full of tears their eyes.
 Menalcas, rising from his flowery seat,
 Thus, with a voice majestically sweet,
 Address'd th' attentive throng: "Arcadians, hear!
 "The sky grows dark, and beamy stars appear:
 "Haste to the vale; the bridal bowers prepare,
 "And hail with joy Menalcas' tuneful heir.
 "Thou, Tityrus, of swains the pride and grace,
 "Shalt clasp soft Daphne in thy fond embrace:
 "And thou, young Colin, in thy willing arms
 "Shalt fold my Hyla, fair in native charms
 "O'er these sweet plains divided empire hold,
 "And to your latest race transmit an age of gold.

N O T E.

* See the Shepherd's Kalendar.

“ What splendid visions rise before my sight,
 “ And fill my aged bosom with delight !
 “ * Henceforth of wars and conquest shall you sing,
 “ ARMS AND THE MAN in every clime shall ring :
 “ Thy muse, bold Maro, Tityrus no more,
 “ Shall tell of chiefs that left the Phrygian shore,
 “ Sad Dido’s love, and Venus’ wandering son,
 “ The Latians vanquish’d, and Lavinia won.
 “ And thou, O Colin, heaven-defended youth,
 “ Shalt hide in fiction’s veil the charms of truth ;
 “ Thy notes the sting of sorrow shall beguile,
 “ And smooth the brow of anguish till it smile ;
 “ Notes, that a sweet Elysian dream can raise,
 “ And lead th’ enchanted soul through fancy’s maze ;
 “ Thy verse shall shine with Gloriana’s name,
 “ And fill the world with Britain’s endless fame.”

* To Tityrus then he gave the sacred flute,
 And bade his sons their blushing brides salute ;

IMITATIONS.

* The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he
 had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused
 a general acclamation.

NOTE.

* This prophecy of Menalcas alludes to the *Æneid* of Virgil, and
 the *Fairy-Queen* of Spenser.

Whilst

Whilst all the train a lay of triumph sung,
Till mountains echo'd, and till valleys rung.

* While thus with mirth they tun'd the nuptial strain,
A youth, too late, was hastening o'er the plain,
Clad in a flowing vest of azure hue;
† Blue were his sandals, and his girdle blue:
A slave, ill-dress'd and mean, behind him bore
An osier-basket, fill'd with fishy store;
The lobster with his sable armour bold;
The tasteful mullet deck'd with scales of gold;
Bright perch, the tyrants of the finny breed;
And greylings sweet, that crop the fragrant weed:

IMITATIONS.

* While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person, in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the midst of the ring. He had an angling-rod in his hand, a pannier upon his back; and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him. Being asked, whence he came, and what

N O T E.

† See Sannazaro, Ongaro, Phineas Fletcher, and other writers of piscatory eclogues.

Among them shells of many a tint appear;
 * The heart of Venus, and her pearly ear;
 The nautilus, on curling billows born;
 And scallops, by the wandering pilgrim worn;
 Some dropp'd with silver, some with purple dye;
 With all the race that seas or streams supply;
 A net and angle o'er his shoulder hung:
 Thus was the stranger clad, and thus he sung:
 "Ah! lovely damsel, leave thy simple sheep;
 "'Tis sweeter in the sea-worn rock to sleep:
 "There shall thy line the scaly shoals betray,
 "And sports, unknown before, beguile the day;
 "To guide o'er rolling waves the dancing skiff,
 "Or pluck the samphire from th' impending cliff:
 "My rapturous notes the blue-ey'd Nereids praise,
 "And silver-footed Naiads hear my lays."

 I M I T A T I O N S.

he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore; that his substance consisted in sea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and Naiads. "Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?" said Menalcas, "to them shalt thou return." The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

N O T E.

* *Venus's heart* and *Venus's ear* are the names of two very beautiful shells.

"To

“ To them, Menalcas said, thy numbers pour ;

“ Insult our flocks and blissful vales no more.”

He spoke ; the heralds knew their sovereign's will,

And hurl'd the fisher down the sloping hill :

Headlong he plung'd beneath the liquid plain,

(But not a nymph receiv'd the falling swain) ;

Then, dropping, rose ; and, like the rushing wind,

Impetuous fled, nor cast a look behind :

* He fought the poplar'd banks of winding Po,

But shunn'd the meads where Ladon's waters flow.

† Ere through nine radiant signs the flaming sun

His course resplendent in the Zodiack run,

The royal damsels, bashful now no more,

Two lovely boys on one glad morning bore ;

IMITATIONS.

† Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and

governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very

long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two

thousand years, His heir was called Theocritus, who left his

dominions to Virgil, Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and

Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

N O T E.

* This alludes to the Latin compositions of Sannazarius ; which
have great merit in their kind.

From

From blooming Daphne fair Alexis sprung,
 And Colinet on Hyla's bosom hung;
 Both o'er the vales of sweet Arcadia reign'd,
 And both the manners of their fires retain'd :
 * Alexis, fairer than a morn of May,
 In glades and forests tun'd his rural lay,
 More soft than rills that through the valley flow,
 Or vernal gales that o'er the violets blow ;
 He sung the tender woes of artless swains,
 Their tuneful contests, and their amorous pains;
 When early spring has wak'd the breathing flowers,
 Or winter hangs with frost the silvery bowers :
 † But Colinet in ruder numbers tells
 The loves of rusticks, and fair-boding spells ;
 Sings how they simply pass the livelong day,
 And softly mourn, or innocently play.

Since them no shepherd rules th' Arcadian mead,
 But silent hangs Menalcas' fatal reed.

N O T E S.

* See Pope's pastorals.

† See the Shepherd's Week, of Gay.

CAISSA.

C A I S S A.

O R,

THE GAME AT CHESS.

A P O E M.

Written in the year 1763.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE first idea of the following piece was taken from a Latin poem of Vida, entitled SCACCHIA LUDUS, which was translated into Italian by Marino, and inserted in the fifteenth Canto of his Adonis: the author thought it fair to make an acknowledgment in the notes for the passages which he borrowed from those two poets; but he must also do them the justice to declare, that most of the descriptions, and the whole story of Caïssa, which is written in imitation of Ovid, are his own, and their faults must be imputed to him only. The characters in the poem are no less imaginary than those in the episode; in which the invention of Chess is poetically ascribed to Mars, though it is certain that the game was originally brought from India.



C A I S S A.

* **O**F armies on the chequer'd field array'd,
 And guiltless war in pleasing form display'd;
 When two bold kings contend with vain alarms,
 In ivory this, and that in ebon arms;
 Sing, sportive maids, that haunt the sacred hill
 Of Pindus, and the fam'd Pierian rill.
 † Thou, joy of all below, and all above,
 Mild Venus, queen of laughter, queen of love;

IMITATIONS.

* *Ludimus effigiem belli, simulataque veris
 Prælia, buxo acies fictas, et ludicra regna:
 Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
 Pro laude oppositi certent bicoloribus armis.
 Dicite, Seriadès Nymphæ, certamina tanta.* *Vida.*
 † *Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
 Alma Venus! &c.* *Lucretius.*

Leave

Leave thy bright island, where on many a rose
And many a pink thy blooming train repose :
Assist me, goddess ! since a lovely pair
Command my song, like thee divinely fair.

Near yon cool stream, whose living waters play,
And rise translucent in the solar ray ;
Beneath the covert of a fragrant bower,
Where spring's soft influence purpled every flower ;
Two smiling nymphs reclin'd in calm retreat,
And envying blossoms crouded round their seat ;
Here Delia was enthron'd, and by her side
The sweet Sirena, both in beauty's pride :
Thus shine two roses, fresh with early bloom,
That from their native stalk dispense perfume ;
Their leaves unfolding to the dawning day
Gems of the glowing mead, and eyes of May.
A band of youths and damsels sat around,
Their flowing locks with braided myrtle bound ;
Agatis, in the graceful dance admir'd,
And gentle Thyrsis, by the muse inspir'd ;
With Sylvia, fairest of the mirthful train ;
And Daphnis, doom'd to love, yet love in vain.

Now,

Now, whilst a purer blush o'erspreads her cheeks,
With soothing accents thus Sirena speaks:

“ The meads and lawns are ting'd with beamy light,
“ And wakeful larks begin their vocal flight;
“ Whilst on each bank the dewdrops sweetly smile;
“ What sport, my Delia, shall the hours beguile?
“ Shall heavenly notes, prolong'd with various art,
“ Charm the fond ear, and warm the rapturous heart?
“ At distance shall we view the sylvan chace?
“ Or catch with filken lines the finny race?”

Then Delia thus: “ Or rather, since we meet
“ By chance assembled in this cool retreat,
“ In artful contest let our warlike train
“ Move well-directed o'er the colour'd plain;
“ Daphnis, who taught us first, the play shall guide;
“ Explain its laws, and o'er the field preside:
“ No prize we need, our ardour to inflame;
“ We fight with pleasure, if we fight for fame.”

The nymph consents: the maids and youths prepare
To view the combat, and the sport to share;

But

But Daphnis most approv'd the bold design,
 Whom Love instructed, and the tuneful Nine.
 He rose, and on the cedar table plac'd
 A polish'd board, with differing colours grac'd;
 * Squares eight times eight in equal order lie;
 These bright as snow, those dark with fable dye;
 Like the broad target by the tortoise born,
 Or like the hide by spotted panthers worn.
 Then from a chest, with harmless heroes stor'd,
 O'er the smooth plain two well-wrought hosts he pour'd;
 The champions burn'd their rivals to assail,
 † Twice eight in black, twice eight in milkwhite mail;

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Sexaginta insunt et quatuor ordine sedes
 Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
 Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
 Sedibus, æquale et spatium, sed non color unus;
 Alternant semper variæ, subeuntque vicissim
 Albentes nigris; testudo picta superne
 Qualia devexo gestat discrimina tergo.

Vida.

† Agmina bina pari numeroque, et viribus æquis,
 Bis niveâ cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
 Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt et sua cuique
 Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua potestas.

Vida.

In

In shape and station different, as in name,
Their motions various, nor their power the same.
Say, muse! (for Jove has nought from thee conceal'd)
Who form'd the legions on the level field?

High in the midst the reverend kings appear,
And o'er the rest their pearly scepters rear:
One solemn step, majestically slow,
They gravely move, and shun the dangerous foe;
If e'er they call, the watchful subjects spring,
And die with rapture if they save their king;
On him the glory of the day depends,
He once imprison'd, all the conflict ends.

The queens exulting near their consorts stand;
Each bears a deadly falchion in her hand;
Now here, now there, they bound with furious pride,
And thin the trembling ranks from side to side;
Swift as Camilla flying o'er the main,
Or lightly skimming o'er the dewy plain:
Fierce as they seem, some bold Plebeian spear
May pierce their shield, or stop their full career.

The valiant guards, their minds on havock bent,
Fill the next squares, and watch the royal tent;

K

Though

Though weak their spears, though dwarfish be their height,
 * Compact they move, the bulwark of the fight.

To right and left the martial wings display
 Their shining arms, and stand in close array.
 Behold, four archers, eager to advance,
 Send the light reed, and rush with sidelong glance;
 Through angles ever they assault the foes,
 True to the colour, which at first they chose.
 Then four bold knights for courage fam'd and speed,
 Each knight exalted on a prancing steed:
 † Their arching course no vulgar limit knows,
 Transverse they leap, and aim insidious blows:

I M I T A T I O N S.

† Il cavallo leggier per dritta lista,
 Come gli altri, l'arringo unqua non fende,
 Mà la lizza attraversa, e fiero in vista
 Curvo in giro, e lunato il salto stende,
 E sempre nel saltar due case acquista,
 Quel colore abbandona, e questo prende.

Marino, Adone. 15.

N O T E.

* The chief art in the Tactics of Chess consists in the nice conduct of the royal pawns; in supporting them against every attack; and, if they are taken, in supplying their places with others equally supported: a principle, on which the success of the game in great measure depends, though it seems to be omitted by the very accurate Vida.

Nor

Nor friends, nor foes, their rapid force restrain,
By one quick bound two changing squares they gain;
From varying hues renew the fierce attack,
And rush from black to white, from white to black.
Four solemn elephants the sides defend;
Beneath the load of ponderous towers they bend:
In one unalter'd line they tempt the fight;
Now crush the left, and now o'erwhelm the right.
Bright in the front the dauntless soldiers raise
Their polish'd spears; their steely helmets blaze:
Prepar'd they stand the daring foe to strike,
Direct their progress, but their wounds oblique.

Now swell th' embattled troops with hostile rage,
And clang their shields, impatient to engage;
When Daphnis thus: A varied plain behold,
Where fairy kings their mimick tents unfold,
As Oberon, and Mab, his wayward queen,
Lead forth their armies on the daified green.
No mortal hand the wondrous sport contriv'd,
By Gods invented, and from Gods deriv'd;

* From them the British nymphs receiv'd the game,
 And play each morn beneath the crystal Thame;
 Hear then the tale, which they to Colin sung,
 As idling o'er the lucid wave he hung.

A lovely Dryad rang'd the Thracian wild,
 Her air enchanting, and her aspect mild;
 To chase the bounding hart was all her joy,
 Averse from Hymen, and the Cyprian boy;
 O'er hills and valleys was her beauty fam'd,
 And fair Caissa was the damsel nam'd.
 Mars saw the maid; with deep surprize he gaz'd,
 Admir'd her shape, and every gesture prais'd:
 His golden bow the child of Venus bent,
 And through his breast a piercing arrow sent:
 The reed was Hope; the feathers, keen Desire;
 The point, her eyes; the barbs, ethereal fire.
 Soon to the nymph he pour'd his tender strain;
 The haughty Dryad scorn'd his amorous pain:

IMITATIONS.

* Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacula tueri
 Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola ponti;
 Siquando placidum mare, et humida regna quierunt.

Vida.

He

He told his woes, where'er the maid he found,
And still he prefs'd, yet still Caïssa frown'd;
But ev'n her frowns (ah, what might smiles have done!)
Fir'd all his soul, and all his senses won.
He left his car, by raging tigers drawn,
And lonely wander'd o'er the dusky lawn;
Then lay desponding near a murmuring stream,
And fair Caïssa was his plaintive theme.
A Naiad heard him from her mossy bed,
And through the crystal rais'd her placid head;
Then mildly spake: "O thou, whom love inspires,
" Thy tears will nourish, not allay thy fires.
" The smiling blossoms drink the pearly dew;
" And ripening fruit the feather'd race pursue;
" The scaly shoals devour the silken weeds;
" Love on our sighs, and on our sorrow feeds.
" Then weep no more; but, ere thou canst obtain
" Balm to thy wounds, and solace to thy pain,
" With gentle art thy martial look beguile;
" Be mild, and teach thy rugged brow to smile.
" Canst thou no play, no soothing game devise,
" To make thee lovely in the damsel's eyes?
" So may thy prayers assuage the scornful dame,
" And ev'n Caïssa own a mutual flame."

" Kind nymph, said Mars, thy counsel I approve;
 " Art, only art, her ruthless breast can move.
 " But when? or how? Thy dark discourse explain:
 " So may thy stream ne'er swell with gushing rain;
 " So may thy waves in one pure current flow,
 " And flowers eternal on thy border blow!"

To whom the maid replied with smiling mien:
 " Above the palace of the Paphian queen
 " * Love's brother dwells, a boy of graceful port,
 " By gods nam'd Euphron, and by mortals Sport:
 " Seek him; to faithful ears unfold thy grief,
 " And hope, ere morn return, a sweet relief.
 " His temple hangs below the azure skies;
 " Seest thou yon argent cloud? 'Tis there it lies."
 This said, she sunk beneath the liquid plain,
 And sought the mansion of her blue-hair'd train.

I M I T A T I O N S.

* Ecco d' astuto ingegno, e pronta mano
 Garzon, che sempre scherza, e vola ratto,
 Gioco s'appella, ed è d' amor germano.

Marino, *Adone*. 15.

Meantime

Meantime the god, elate with heart-felt joy,
Had reach'd the temple of the sportful boy ;
He told Caïssa's charms, his kindled fire,
The Naiad's counsel, and his warm desire.
“ Be swift, he added, give my passion aid ;
“ A god requests.”—He spake, and Sport obey'd.
He fram'd a tablet of celestial mold,
Inlay'd with squares of silver and of gold ;
Then of two metals form'd the warlike band,
That here compact in show of battle stand ;
He taught the rules that guide the pensive game,
And call'd it *Cassa* from the Dryad's name :
(Whence Albion's sons, who most its praise confess,
Approv'd the play, and nam'd it thoughtful *Chefs*.)
The god delighted thank'd indulgent Sport ;
Then grasp'd the board, and left his airy court.
With radiant feet he pierc'd the clouds ; nor stay'd,
Till in the woods he saw the beauteous maid :
Tir'd with the chase the damsel sat reclin'd,
Her girdle loose, her bosom unconfin'd.
He took the figure of a wanton Faun,
And stood before her on the flowery lawn ;
Then show'd his tablet : pleas'd the nymph survey'd
The lifeless troops in glittering ranks display'd ;

She ask'd the wily sylvan to explain
The various motions of the splendid train;
With eager heart she caught the winning lore,
And thought ev'n Mars less hateful than before;
“What spell, said she, deceiv'd my careless mind?”
“The god was fair, and I was most unkind.”
She spoke, and saw the changing Faun assume
A milder aspect, and a fairer bloom;
His wreathing horns, that from his temples grew,
Flow'd down in curls of bright celestial hue;
The dappled hairs, that veil'd his loveless face,
Blaz'd into beams, and show'd a heavenly grace;
The shaggy hide, that mantled o'er his breast,
Was soften'd to a smooth transparent vest,
That through its folds his vigorous bosom show'd,
And nervous limbs, where youthful ardour glow'd;
(Had Venus view'd him in those blooming charms,
Not Vulcan's net had forc'd her from his arms.)
With goatlike feet no more he mark'd the ground,
But braided flowers his silken sandals bound.
The Dryad blush'd; and, as he press'd her, smil'd,
Whilst all his cares one tender glance beguil'd,

He

He ends: *To arms*, the maids and striplings cry;
To arms, the groves and founding vales reply.
Sirena led to war the swarthy crew,
And Delia those that bore the lily's hue.
Who first, O muse, began the bold attack;
The white refulgent, or the mournful black?
Fair Delia first, as favouring lots ordain,
Moves her pale legions tow'rd the sable train:
From thought to thought her lively fancy flies,
Whilst o'er the board she darts her sparkling eyes.

At length the warrior moves with haughty strides;
Who from the plain the snowy king divides;
With equal haste his swarthy rival bounds;
His quiver rattles, and his buckler sounds:
Ah! hapless youths, with fatal warmth you burn;
Laws, ever fix'd, forbid you to return.
Then from the wing a short-liv'd spearman flies,
Unsafely bold, and see! he dies, he dies:
The dark-brow'd hero, with one vengeful blow
Of life and place deprives his ivory foe.
Now rush both armies o'er the burnish'd field,
Hurl the swift dart, and rend the bursting shield.

Here

Here furious knights on fiery courfers prance,
Here archers spring, and lofty towers advance.
But see! the white-rob'd Amazon beholds
Where the dark host its opening van unfolds:
Soon as her eye discerns the hostile maid,
By ebon shield, and ebon helm betray'd;
Seven squares she passes with majestick mien,
And stands triumphant o'er the falling queen.
Perplex'd, and sorrowing at his consort's fate,
The monarch burn'd with rage, despair, and hate:
Swift from his zone th' avenging blade he drew,
And, mad with ire, the proud virago flew.
Meanwhile sweet-smiling Delia's wary king
Retir'd from fight behind his circling wing.

Long time the war in equal balance hung;
Till, unforeseen, an ivory courser sprung,
And, wildly prancing in an evil hour,
Attack'd at once the monarch and the tower:
Sirena blush'd; for, as the rules requir'd,
Her injur'd sovereign to his tent retir'd;
Whilst her lost castle leaves his threatening height,
And adds new glory to th' exulting knight.

At this, pale fear oppress'd the drooping maid,
And on her cheek the rose began to fade :
A crystal tear, that stood prepar'd to fall,
She wip'd in silence, and conceal'd from all ;
From all but Daphnis : He remark'd her pain,
And saw the weakness of her ebon train ;
Then gently spoke : " Let me your loss supply,
" And either nobly win, or nobly die ;
" Me oft has fortune crown'd with fair success,
" And led to triumph in the fields of Chæus."
He said : the willing nymph her place resign'd,
And sat at distance on the bank reclin'd.
Thus when Minerva call'd her chief to arms,
And Troy's high turret shook with dire alarms,
The Cyprian goddess wounded left the plain,
And Mars engag'd a mightier force in vain.

Straight Daphnis leads his squadron to the field ;
(To Delia's arms 'tis ev'n a joy to yield.)
Each guileful snare, and subtle art he tries,
But finds his art less powerful than her eyes :
Wisdom and strength superiour charms obey ;
And beauty, beauty, wins the long-fought day.

By

By this a hoary chief, on slaughter bent,
Approach'd the gloomy king's unguarded tent ;
Where, late, his consort spread dismay around,
Now her dark corse lies bleeding on the ground.
Hail, happy youth ! thy glories not un Sung
Shall live eternal on the poet's tongue ;
For thou shalt soon receive a splendid change,
And o'er the plain with nobler fury range.
The swarthy leaders saw the storm impend,
And strove in vain their sovereign to defend :
Th' invader wav'd his silver lance in air,
And flew like lightning to the fatal square ;
His limbs dilated in a moment grew
To stately height, and widen'd to the view ;
More fierce his look, more lion-like his mien,
Sublime he mov'd, and seem'd a warrior queen.
As when the sage on some unfolding plant
Has caught a wandering fly, or frugal ant,
His hand the microscopick frame applies,
And lo ! a bright-hair'd monster meets his eyes ;
He sees new plumes in slender cases roll'd ;
Here stain'd with azure, there bedropp'd with gold ;
Thus, on the alter'd chief both armies gaze,
And both the kings are fix'd with deep amaze.

The sword, which arm'd the snow-white maid before,
 He now assumes, and hurls the spear no more;
 Then springs indignant on the dark-rob'd band,
 And knights and archers feel his deadly hand.
 Now flies the monarch of the fable shield,
 His legions vanquish'd, o'er the lonely field:
 * So when the morn, by rosy courfers drawn,
 With pearls and rubies sows the verdant lawn,
 Whilst each pale star from heaven's blue vault retires,
 Still Venus gleams, and last of all expires.
 He hears, where'er he moves, the dreadful sound;
Check the deep vales, and *Check* the woods rebound.
 No place remains: he sees the certain fate,
 And yields his throne to ruin, and Checkmate.

A brighter blush o'erspreads the damsel's cheeks,
 And mildly thus the conquer'd stripling speaks:
 " A double triumph, Delia, hast thou won,
 " By Mars protected, and by Venus' son;

I M I T A T I O N S.

- * ——— Medio rex æquore inermis
 Constitit amissis fociis; velut æthere in alto
 Expulit ardentes flammæ ubi lutea bigis
 Luciferis Aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
 Lucet adhuc, Venus, et cœlo mox ultimus exit.

Vida, ver. 604.

" The

“ The first with conquest crowns thy matchless art,
“ The second points those eyes at Daphnis’ heart.”
She smil’d; the nymphs and amorous youths arise,
And own, that beauty gain’d the nobler prize.

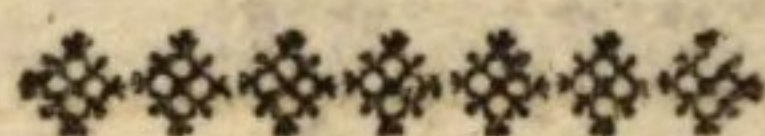
Low in their chest the mimick troops were lay’d,
* And peaceful slept the fable hero’s shade.

* A parody of the last line in Pope’s translation of the Iliad,
“ And peaceful slept the mighty Hector’s shade:”





CARMINUM LIBER.



I. ODE SINICA.

Vides ut agros dulce gemmatos lavet
Argenteus rivi latex ;

Virides ut aura stridulo modulamine
Arundines interstrepant :

Sic, sic, amœno cinctæ virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.

Ut maximo labore, & arte maximâ
Effingit artifex ebur,

Sic ad benignitatem amica civium
Blandè figuras pectora.

Ut delicata gemmulam expolit manus
Fulgore lucentem aureo,

Sic

Sic civitatem mitium gaudes tuam
Ornare morum lumine.

O quàm verenda micat in oculis lenitas !
Minantur & rident simul.

O quanta pulchro dignitas vultu patet,
Et quantus incessu decor !

Scilicet, amœno cincte virtutum choro
Princeps, amabiliter nites.

Annon per omne, veris instar, seculum
Memoria florescet tui ?



II. ODE PERSICA.

JAM rosa purpureum caput explicat. Adfit, amici,
Suavis voluptatum cohors :

Sic monuère fenes.

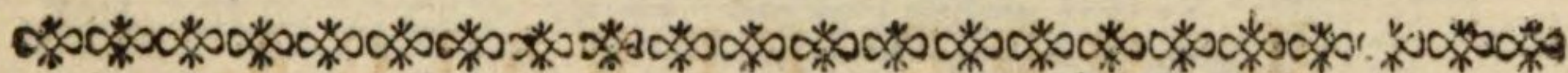
Nunc læti fumus ; at citius læta avolat ætas,

Quin sacra mutemus mero

Stragula nectareo ?

Dulce

Dulcè gemit zephyrus : ridentem mitte puellam,
 Quam molli in amplexu tenens
 Pocula læta bibam.
 Tange chelyn. Sævit fortuna; at mitte querelas:
 Cur non canoros barbiti
 Elicimus modulos?
 En! florum regina nitet rosa. Fundite vini,
 Quod amoris extinguat facem,
 Nectareos latices.
 Suavè loquens Philomela vocor : quî frat ut umbrâ
 Tectus rosarum nexili
 (Veris avis) taceam?



III. A L T E R A.

AFFER scyphos, & dulcè ridentis meri
 Purpureos latices
 Effunde largiûs, puer.
 Nam vinum amores lenit adolescentium,
 Difficilesque senum
 Emollit ægritudines.

L

Solem

Solem merum æmulatur, & lunam calix;

Nectareis foveat

Dic luna solem amplexibus.

Flammas nitentes sparge: vini scilicet

Fervidioris aquam

Flammæ nitentis æmulam.

Quòd si rosarum fragilis avolat decor,

Sparge, puer, liquidas

Vini rubescentis rosas.

Si devium Philomela deferit nemus,

Pocula læta canant

Non elaboratum melos.

Injuriosæ sperne fortunæ minas;

Lætaque mœstitiam

Depellat informem chelys.

Somnus beatos, somnus amplexûs dabit:

Da mihi dulce merum

Somnum quod alliciat levem.

Dulce est madere vino. Da calices novos,

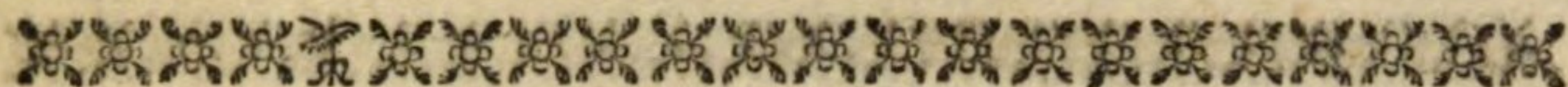
Ut placidâ madidus

Oblivione perfruar.

Scyphum affer alterum, puer, deinde alterum:

Seu vetitum fuerit,

Amice, seu licitum, bibam.



IV. ODE ARABICA.

AD FABULLUM.

DULCI tristitiam vino lavere, aut, nitente lunâ,
Multâ reclines in rosâ

Urgere blandis osculis puellas ;

Aut, dum prata levi pulsat pede delicata virgo

Comam renodans auream,

Molli cupidinis tepere flammâ :

Aut, dum blanda aures recreat lyra, floreo sub antro

Ad suave zephyrorum melos

Rore advocati spargier soporis :

Hæc ver purpureum dat gaudia, comis & juventas,

His, mite dum tempus favet,

Decet vacare, dumque ridet annus.

Quicumque aut rerum domini fumus, aut graves coacti

Curas egestatis pati,

Debemur asperæ, Fabulle, morti.



V. AD LÆLIUM.

VESTIMENTA tuis grata sororibus,

Et donem lapides, quos vel alit Tagi

Fluctus, vel celer undâ

Ganges auriferâ lavit,

Læli, si mea fit dives opum domus :

Quid mittam addubito. Scilicet haud mea

Servo carmina blandis

Nympharum auribus infolens,

Quarum tu potior pectora candidis

Mulces alloquiis, te potiozem amat

Musa, utcunque puellæ

Pulfas Æoliæ fides.

Quin illis acies mittere commodus

Tornatas meditor, quæ bicoloribus

Armis conspiciendæ

Bella innoxia destinant ;

Qualis

Qualis propter aquas aut Lacedæmoni

Eurotæ gelidas, aut Tiberis vada,

Cornicum manus albis

Nigrans certat oloribus.

Cur non sub viridi ludimus ilicis

Umbrâ suppositi? Dic veniat genis

Ridens Lydia pulchris,

Et saltare decens Chloë:

Dic reddant mihi me. Ludite, virgines;

Me testudineis aut Venerem modis

Dicente, aut juvenilis

Telum dulce Cupidinis.



VI. A D L U N A M:

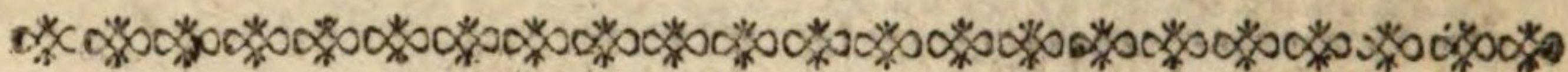
CÆLI dulcè nitens decus,

Lentâ lora manu, Cynthia, corripe:

Pulchræ tecta peto Chloës,

Et labrum roseo nectare suavius.

Non prædator ut improbus,
 Per sylvas propero, te duce, devias ;
 Nec, dum lux radiat tua,
 Ultricem meditor figere cuspidem,
 Quem tu, mitis Amor, semel
 Placatum tepidâ lenieris face,
 Illum deseruit furor,
 Et telum facili decidit è manu.
 Nec delicta per & nefas
 Furtiva immeritus gaudia persequor ;
 Blandâ victa Chloë prece
 Peplum rejiciet purpureum libens.



VII. AD VENEREM.

O RO te teneri blanda Cupidinis
 Mater, cœruleis edita fluctibus,
 Quæ grati fruticeta accolis Idali,
 Herbosamque Amathunta, & viridem Cnidon,
 Oro, Pyrrha, meis cedat amoribus,
 Quæ nunc, Tænariâ immitior æsculo,

Mœrentis

Moerentis Licinî sollicitum melos
Ridet. Non liquidæ carmine tibiæ,
Non illam Æoliis illacrymabilem
Plectris dimoveat, lenis ut arduam
Cervicem tepidum flectat ad osculum.
(Quantum est & vacuis nectar in osculis !)
Quod si carminibus mitior applicet
Aures illa meis, si (rigidum gelu
Te solvente) pari me tepeat face,
Te propter liquidum fonticuli vitrum,
Ponam conspicio marmore lucidam,
Te cantans Paphiam, teque Amathusiam
Pellam gramineum ter pede cespitem,
Tum nigranti hederâ & tempora laureâ
Cingam, tunc hilares eliciam modos :
At nunc me juvenum prætereuntium
Me ridet comitum coetus amabilis ;
Et ludens puerorum in plateis cohors
Ostendit digitis me, quia languero
Demissis oculis, me, quia somnia
Abrupta haud facili virgine faucium
Monstrant, & violâ pallidior gena.



VIII. AD EANDEM.

PERFIDO ridens Erycina vultu,
Seu Joci mater, tenerique Amoris,

Seu Paphi regina potens, Cyprique

Laetior audis,

Linque jucundam Cnidon, & coruscum

Dirigens currum levis huc vocanti,

Huc veni, & tecum properet soluto

Crine Thalia.

Jam venis! nubes placidi ferenas

Passeres findunt; super albicantes

Dum volant sylvas, celeresque versant

Leniter alas.

(Rursus ad cœlum fugiunt. Sed almâ

Dulcè subridens facie, loquelam

Melle conditam liquido jacentis

Fundis in aurem,

“ Qua

“ Qua tepes, inquis, Licini, puellâ,

“ Lucidis venanti oculis amantes ?

“ Cur doces mœstas resonare lucum,

“ Care, querelas ?

“ Dona si ridet tua, dona mittet ;

“ Sive te molli roseos per hortos

“ Hinnulo vitat levior, sequetur

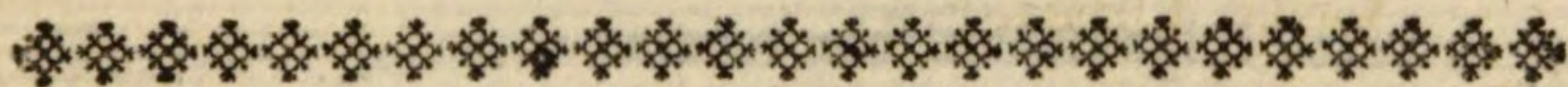
“ Ipsa fugacem.”

Per tuos oro, dea mitis, ignes,

Pectus ingratae rigidum Corinnæ

Lenias. Et te, Venus alma, amore

Forfit Adonis.



EX FERDUSII POETÆ PERSICI
POEMATE HEROICO.

SAMUS, ut aurato cinctum diademate regem
Vidit ovans, excelsa ferebat ad atria gressum ;
Quem rex ad meritos facilis provexit honores,
Et secum in folio jussit confidere eburneo,

Calato

Cæ lato rutilanti auro, insertisque pyropis.
Magnanimum affatus tum blandâ heroâ loquelâ,
Multa super fociis, super armis multa rogabat,
Jam, quantos aleret tellus Hyrcana gigantas,
Jam, quâ parta manu nova sit victoria Persis:
Cui dux hæc memori parens est voce locutus.
Venimus ad castra hostilis, rex maxime, gentis;
Gens est dura, ferox; non aspera sævior errat
Per dumeta leo, non sylvâ tigris in atrâ;
Non equus in lætis Arabum it velocior agris.
Cum subito trepidam pervenit rumor in urbem
Adventare aciem, queruli per tecta, per arces,
Auditi gemitûs, & non lætabile murmur:
Illicet æratâ fulgentes casside turmas
Eduxere viri; pars vastos fusa per agros,
Pars monte in rigido, aut depressa valle sedebat:
Horruit ære acies, tantæque a pulvere nubes
Exortæ, ut pulchrum tegetet jubar ætherius sol.
Quale in arenoso nigrarum colle laborat
Formicarum agmen, congestaque farra reponit;
Aut qualis culicum leviter stridentibus alis
Turba volans, tenues ciet importuna susurros;
Tales profiluere. Nepos ante agmina Salmi
Cercius emicuit, quo non fuit ardua pinus

Altior,

Altior, aut vernans excelsò in monte cupressus.
At Persarum artûs gelidâ formidine solvi
Arguit & tremor, & laxato in corpore pallor :
Hoc vidi, & valido torquens hastile lacerto
Per medias jussi, duce me, penetrare phalangas ;
Irruit alatus sonipes, ceu torvus in arvis
Æthiopum latis elephas, neque sensit habenam :
Militibus vires rediêre, & pristina virtus.
Ac velut, undantis cùm surgant flumina Nili,
Et refluant, avidis haud injucunda colonis,
Pinguia frugiferis implentur fluctibus arva ;
Sic terra innumeris agitata est illa catervis :
Cum strepitum audierit nostrum, ingentemque fragorem
Findentis galeas & ferrea scuta bipennis,
Cercius, horrifico complens loca vasta boatu,
In me flexit equum, me crudeli ense petebat,
Captivumque arcto voluit constringere nodo :
Frustra ; nam, lunans habilem nec segniter arcum,
Populeas mihi duro mucrone sagittas,
Flammarum ritu, aut per nubila fulminis acti :
Ille tamen celeri ruit impete, nosque morantes
Increpitat, letum minitans, rigidasve catenas :
Ut verò accessit violenti turbinis instar,
Pulsus ut & clypeus clypeo est, & casside cassis

Illum

Illum insurgentem, dirumque infligere vulnus
Conantem, arripui, qua discolor ilia cinxit
Balteus, & rutilis subnexa est fibula baccis.
Strenua tum valido molimine brachia versans
E stratis evulsi equitem, qui pronus, inermis,
Decidit, & rabido frendens campum ore momordit;
Pectora cui nivea, & ferratâ cuspide costas
Transfodi, madidam defluxit sanguis in herbam
Purpureus, tristisque elapsa est vita sub umbras.
Haud mora, diffugiunt hostes, ductore perempto,
Saxa per & colles; nostris victoriâ turmis
Affulsit, cæsosque doles, Hyrcania, natos.
Sic pereant, quicunque tuo, rex optime, sceptro,
Qui premis imperio stellas, parere recusent!
Dixit; & heroas Persarum rector ovantes
Laudibus in coelum tollit; jubet inde beatas
Instaurari epulas, & pocula dulcia poni:
Conventum est, textoque super discumbitur auro.





ELEGIA ARABICA.

FULGUR an è densâ vibratum nube coruscât ?

An roseas nudat Leila pudica genas ?

Bacciferumne celer fruticetum devorat ignis ?

Siderea an Solimæ lumina dulcè micant ?

Nardus an Hageri, an spirant violaria Meccæ,

Candida odoriferis an venit Azza comis ?

Quàm juvat ah ! patrios memori tenuisse recessûs

Mente, per ignotos dum vagor exul agros ?

Valle sub umbrosâ, pallens ubi luget amator,

Num colit affuetos mollis amica lares ?

Jamne cient raucum præfracta tonitrua murmur

Montibus, effusæ quos rigat imber aquæ ?

An tua, dum fundit primum lux alma ruborem,

Lympha, Azibe, meam pellet, ut ante, fitim ?

Quot mea felices vidistis gaudia, campi,

Gaudia væ ! misero non renovanda mihi ?

Ecquis apud Nagedi lucos aut pascua Tudæ

Pastor amatorum spesque metusque canit ?

Ecquis

Ecquis ait, gelidâ Salæ dum valle recumbit,

“Heu! quid Cademeo in monte sodalis agit?”

Num graciles rident hyemalia frigora myrti?

Num viret in solitis lotos amata locis?

Num vernant humiles in aprico colle myricæ?

Ne malus has oculus, ne mala lædat hyems!

An meâ Alegiades, dulcissima turba, puellæ

Curant, an Zephyris irrita vota dabunt?

An viridem saliunt, nullo venante, per hortum

Hinnuleique citi, capreolique leves?

Visamne umbriferos, loca dilectissima, saltus,

Ducit ubi facilem læta Noama chorum?

Num Daregi ripas patulâ tegit arbutus umbrâ,

Ah! quoties lacrymis humida facta meis?

Grata quis antra colit, nobis absentibus, Amri,

Antra puellarum quàm bene nota gregi?

Forfan amatores Meccanâ in valle reductos

Absentis Solimæ commeminisse juvat.

Tempus erit, levibus quo pervigilata cachinnis

Nox dabit unanimi gaudia plena choro;

Quo dulces juvenum spirabit cœtus amores,

Et lætos avidâ combibet aure modos.

FABULA



FABULA PERSICA.

RIGANTE molles imbre campos Perfidis,
 E nube in æquor lapsa pluvix guttula est;
 Quæ, cùm reluctans eloqui fineret pudor,
 “ Quid hoc loci? inquit, quid rei misella sum?
 “ Quò me repente, ah! quò redactam sentio?”
 Cùm se verecundanti animulâ sperneret,
 Illam recepit gemineo concha in sinu;
 Tandemque tenuis aquula facta est unio;
 Nunc in coronâ læta Regis emicat,
 Sibi non placere quanta sit virtus, docens.





A D M U S A M.

V A L E, Camena, blanda cultrix ingenî,
Virtutis altrix, mater eloquentiæ !

Linquenda alumno est laurus & chelys tuo :

At tu dearum dulcium dulcissima,

Seu Suada mavis five Pitho dicier,

A te receptus in tuâ vivam fide :

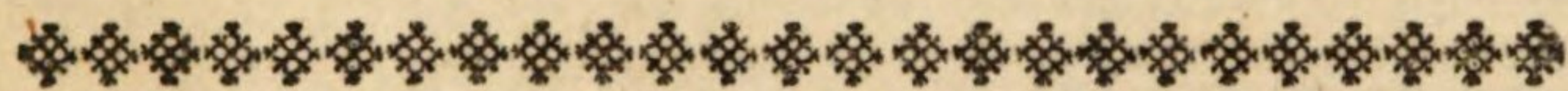
Mihi fit, oro, non inutilis toga,

Nec indiferta lingua, nec turpis manus





E S S A Y S.



M

the first of these is the fact that the
 second is the fact that the third is the fact
 that the fourth is the fact that the fifth is the fact

that the sixth is the fact that the seventh is the fact
 that the eighth is the fact that the ninth is the fact
 that the tenth is the fact that the eleventh is the fact

ESSAY

On the Poetry of the Hellenic Nations

THE first of these is the fact that the second is the fact
 that the third is the fact that the fourth is the fact
 that the fifth is the fact that the sixth is the fact
 that the seventh is the fact that the eighth is the fact
 that the ninth is the fact that the tenth is the fact
 that the eleventh is the fact that the twelfth is the fact
 that the thirteenth is the fact that the fourteenth is the fact
 that the fifteenth is the fact that the sixteenth is the fact
 that the seventeenth is the fact that the eighteenth is the fact
 that the nineteenth is the fact that the twentieth is the fact
 that the twenty-first is the fact that the twenty-second is the fact
 that the twenty-third is the fact that the twenty-fourth is the fact
 that the twenty-fifth is the fact that the twenty-sixth is the fact
 that the twenty-seventh is the fact that the twenty-eighth is the fact
 that the twenty-ninth is the fact that the thirtieth is the fact
 that the thirty-first is the fact that the thirty-second is the fact
 that the thirty-third is the fact that the thirty-fourth is the fact
 that the thirty-fifth is the fact that the thirty-sixth is the fact
 that the thirty-seventh is the fact that the thirty-eighth is the fact
 that the thirty-ninth is the fact that the fortieth is the fact
 that the forty-first is the fact that the forty-second is the fact
 that the forty-third is the fact that the forty-fourth is the fact
 that the forty-fifth is the fact that the forty-sixth is the fact
 that the forty-seventh is the fact that the forty-eighth is the fact
 that the forty-ninth is the fact that the fiftieth is the fact
 that the fifty-first is the fact that the fifty-second is the fact
 that the fifty-third is the fact that the fifty-fourth is the fact
 that the fifty-fifth is the fact that the fifty-sixth is the fact
 that the fifty-seventh is the fact that the fifty-eighth is the fact
 that the fifty-ninth is the fact that the sixtieth is the fact
 that the sixty-first is the fact that the sixty-second is the fact
 that the sixty-third is the fact that the sixty-fourth is the fact
 that the sixty-fifth is the fact that the sixty-sixth is the fact
 that the sixty-seventh is the fact that the sixty-eighth is the fact
 that the sixty-ninth is the fact that the seventieth is the fact
 that the seventy-first is the fact that the seventy-second is the fact
 that the seventy-third is the fact that the seventy-fourth is the fact
 that the seventy-fifth is the fact that the seventy-sixth is the fact
 that the seventy-seventh is the fact that the seventy-eighth is the fact
 that the seventy-ninth is the fact that the eightieth is the fact
 that the eighty-first is the fact that the eighty-second is the fact
 that the eighty-third is the fact that the eighty-fourth is the fact
 that the eighty-fifth is the fact that the eighty-sixth is the fact
 that the eighty-seventh is the fact that the eighty-eighth is the fact
 that the eighty-ninth is the fact that the ninetieth is the fact
 that the ninety-first is the fact that the ninety-second is the fact
 that the ninety-third is the fact that the ninety-fourth is the fact
 that the ninety-fifth is the fact that the ninety-sixth is the fact
 that the ninety-seventh is the fact that the ninety-eighth is the fact
 that the ninety-ninth is the fact that the hundredth is the fact



E S S A Y I.

On the Poetry of the Eastern Nations.

A R A B I A, I mean that part of it, which we call the *Happy*, and which the *Asiatics* know by the name of *Yemen*, seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry; because no nation at this day can vie with the *Arabians* in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of *Indostan*, called *Cashmere*, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thousand rivulets: but when its inhabitants were subdued by the stratagem of a *Mogul* prince, they lost their happiness with their liberty, and *Arabia* retained its old title without any rival to dispute it. These are not the

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fancies

fancies of a poet: the beauties of *Yemen* are proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, by the descriptions of them in all the writings of *Asia*, and by the nature and situation of the country itself, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a serene sky, and exposed to the most favourable influence of the sun; it is enclosed on one side by vast rocks and deserts, and defended on the other by a tempestuous sea, so that it seems to have been designed by providence for the most secure, as well as the most beautiful, region of the East. I am at a loss to conceive, what induced the illustrious Prince *Cantemir* to contend that *Yemen* is properly a part of *India*; for, not to mention *Ptolemy*, and the other ancients, who considered it as a province of *Arabia*, nor to insist on the language of the country, which is pure *Arabick*, it is described by the *Asiatics* themselves as a large division of that peninsula, which they call *Jezeiratul Arab*; and there is no more colour for annexing it to *India*, because the sea, which washes one side of it, is looked upon by some writers as belonging to the great *Indian* ocean, than there would be for annexing it to *Persia*, because it is bounded on another side by the *Persian* gulf. Its principal cities are *Sanaa*, usually considered as its metropolis; *Zebid*, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the sea of *Omman*; and *Aden*, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods, which is situated eleven degrees from the *Equator*, and seventy-six from the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Canaries*, where the geographers of *Asia* fix their first meridian.

meridian. It is observable that *Aden*, in the Eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with *Eden*, which we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses, according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is *a settled abode*, its second, *delight, softness, or tranquillity*: the word *Eden* had, probably, one of these senses in the sacred text, though we use it as a proper name. We may also observe in this place that *Yemen* itself takes its name from a word, which signifies *verdure*, and *felicity*; for in those sultry climates, the freshness of the shade, and the coolness of water, are ideas almost inseparable from that of happiness; and this may be a reason why most of the *Oriental* nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful spot, where the first inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of *Eudaimon*, or *Happy*, to this country, either meant to translate the word *Yemen*, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable spice-trees, and balsamick plants, that grow in it, and, without speaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air: the writer of an old history of the *Turkish empire* says, “*The air of Egypt sometimes in summer is like any sweet perfume, and almost suffocates the spirits, caused by the wind that brings the odours of the Arabian spices:*” now it is certain that all poetry receives a very considerable ornament from the beauty of natural images; as the roses of *Sharon*, the verdure of *Carmel*, the vines of *Engaddi*, and the dew of *Hermon*, are the sources of many pleasing metaphors and comparisons in the sacred

poetry : thus the odours of *Yemen*, the musk of *Hadramut*, and the pearls of *Omman*, supply the *Arabian* poets with a great variety of allusions ; and, if the remark of *Hermogenes* be just, that whatever is *delightful to the senses* produces the *Beautiful* when it is described, where can we find so much beauty as in the *Eastern* poems, which turn chiefly upon the loveliest objects in nature ?

To pursue this topick yet farther : it is an observation of *Demetrius Phalereus*, in his elegant treatise upon style, that it is not easy to write on agreeable subjects in a disagreeable manner, and that beautiful *expressions* naturally rise with beautiful images ; *for which reason*, says he, *nothing can be more pleasing than Sappho's poetry, which contains the description of gardens, and banquets, flowers and fruits, fountains and meadows, nightingales and turtle-doves, loves and graces* : thus, when she speaks of a *stream softly murmuring among the branches, and the Zephyrs playing through the leaves, with a sound that brings on a quiet slumber*, her lines flow without labour as smoothly as the rivulet she describes. I may have altered the words of *Demetrius*, as I quote them by memory, but this is the general sense of his remark, which, if it be not rather specious than just, must induce us to think, that the poets of the *East* may vie with those of *Europe* in the *graces of their diction*, as well as in the loveliness of their images : but we must not believe that the *Arabian* poetry can please only by its descriptions of *beauty* ; since the gloomy and terrible objects, which produce the *sublime*, when they
are

are aptly described, are no where more common than in the *Desert* and *Stony Arabia's*; and, indeed, we see nothing so frequently painted by the poets of those countries, as wolves and lions, precipices and forests, rocks and wildernesses.

If we allow the natural objects, with which the *Arabs* are perpetually conversant, to be *sublime*, and *beautiful*, our next step must be, to confess that their comparisons, metaphors, and allegories are so likewise; for an allegory is only a string of metaphors, a metaphor is only a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects. It is true that many of the *Eastern* figures are common to other nations, but some of them receive a propriety from the manners of the *Arabians*, who dwell in the plains and woods, which would be lost, if they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus *the dew of liberality*, and *the odour of reputation*, are metaphors used by most people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of those, who have so much need of being refreshed by *the dews*, and who gratify their sense of smelling with the *sweetest odours* in the world. Again; it is very usual in all countries to make frequent allusions to the brightness of the celestial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we consider them as made by a nation, who pass most of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and consequently see the moon and stars in their greatest splendour. This way of considering

their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: so, when they compare *the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the sun, to the moon, or the blossoms of jasmine, their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail-stones, and snow-drops, their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus, their curled hair to black scorpions and to hyacinths, their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breasts to pomegranates, and the colour of them to snow, their shape to that of a pine-tree, and their stature to that of a cypress, a palm-tree, or a javelin, &c.* these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their similes are very just and striking, as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman, bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew*, and that of *a warrior, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings.*

These are not the only advantages, which the natives of *Arabia* enjoy above the inhabitants of most other countries; they preserve to this day the manners and customs of their ancestors, who, by their own account, were settled in the province of *Yemen* above three thousand years ago: they have never been wholly subdued by any nation; and though the admiral of *Selim the First* made a descent on their coast, and exacted a tribute from the people of *Aden*, yet the *Arabians* only keep up a show
of

of allegiance to the sultan, and act, on every important occasion, in open defiance of his power, relying on the swiftness of their horses, and the vast extent of their forests, in which an invading enemy must soon perish: but here I must be understood to speak of those *Arabians*, who, like the old *Nomades*, dwell constantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the seasons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffick with the merchants of Europe in spices, perfumes, and coffee, must have lost a great deal of their ancient simplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, spend their days in watching their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars, and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the country, and the coolness of their tents: thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring; for we may apply to part of *Arabia* that elegant couplet of *Waller* in his poem of the *Summer-island*,

The gentle spring, that but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

Yet the heat of the sun, which must be very intense
in a climate so near the line, is tempered by the shade
of

of the trees, that overhang the valleys, and by a number of fresh streams, that flow down the mountains: hence it is, that almost all their notions of *felicity* are taken from *freshness*, and *verdure*; and it is a maxim among them that the three most charming objects in nature are, *a green meadow, a clear rivulet, and a beautiful woman*, and that the view of these objects at the same time affords the greatest delight imaginable. *Mahomed* was so well acquainted with the maxim of his countrymen, that he described the pleasures of heaven to them, under the allegory of *cool fountains, green bowers, and black-eyed girls*, as the word *Houri* literally signifies in *Arabick*; and in the chapter of the *Morning*, towards the end of his *Alcoran*, he mentions a garden, called *Irem*, which is no less celebrated by the *Asiatick* poets than that of the *Hesperides* by the *Greeks*: it was planted, as the commentators say, by a king, named *Shedad*, and was once seen by an *Arabian*, who wandered very far into the deserts in search of a lost camel: it was, probably, a name invented by the impostor, as a type of a future state of happiness. Now it is certain that the genius of every nation is not a little affected by their climate; for, whether it be that the immoderate heat disposes the *Eastern* people to a life of indolence, which gives them full leisure to cultivate their talents, or whether the sun has a real influence on the imagination, (as one would suppose that the ancients believed, by their making *Apollo* the god of poetry) whatever be the cause, it has
always

always been remarked, that the *Asiatics* excel the inhabitants of our colder regions in the liveliness of their fancy, and the richness of their invention.

To carry this subject one step farther: as the *Arabians* are such admirers of *beauty*, and as they enjoy such ease and leisure, they must naturally be susceptible of *that passion*, which is the true spring and source of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater share in their poems than any other passion: it seems to be always uppermost in their minds, and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyrick, or even a satire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful, lover. It sometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another; and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship: hence almost all the *Arabick* poems open in this manner; the author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty, comparing her usually to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatick shrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions; here he commonly gives a description of the horse or camel, upon which he designs to go, and thence passes, by an easy transition, to the principal subject of his poem, whether

ther it be the praise of his own tribe, or a satire on the timidity of his friends, who refuse to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love. But it is not sufficient that a nation have a genius for poetry, unless they have the advantage of a rich and beautiful language, that their expressions may be worthy of their sentiments; the *Arabians* have this advantage also in a high degree: their language is expressive, strong, sonorous, and the most copious, perhaps, in the world; for, as almost every tribe had many words appropriated to itself, the poets, for the convenience of their measure, or sometimes for their singular beauty, made use of them all, and, as the poems became popular, these words were by degrees incorporated with the whole language, like a number of little streams, which meet together in one channel, and, forming a most plentiful river, flow rapidly into the sea.

If this way of arguing *à priori* be admitted in the present case, (and no single man has a right to infer the merit of the *Eastern* poetry from the poems themselves, because no single man has a privilege of judging for all the rest), if the foregoing argument have any weight, we must conclude that the *Arabians*, being perpetually conversant with the most beautiful objects, spending a calm and agreeable life in a fine climate, being extremely addicted to the softer passions, and having the advantage of a language singularly adapted to poetry, must be naturally excellent poets, provided that their *manners* and *customs* be favourable

favourable to the cultivation of that art; and that they are highly so, it will not be difficult to prove.

The fondness of the *Arabians* for poetry, and the respect which they shew to poets, would be scarce believed, if we were not assured of it by writers of great authority: the principal occasions of rejoicing among them were formerly, and, very probably, are to this day, the birth of a boy, the foaling of a mare, the arrival of a guest, and the rise of a poet in their tribe: when a young *Arabian* has composed a good poem, all the neighbours pay their compliments to his family, and congratulate them upon having a relation capable of recording their actions, and of recommending their virtues to posterity. At the beginning of the seventh century, the *Arabick* language was brought to a high degree of perfection by a sort of poetical academy, that used to assemble at stated times, in a place called *Ocadh*, where every poet produced his best composition, and was sure to meet with the applause that it deserved: the most excellent of these poems were transcribed in characters of gold upon *Egyptian* paper, and hung up in the temple of Mecca, whence they were named *Modhabebat*, or *Golden*, and *Moallakat*, or *Suspended*: the poems of this sort were called *Casseida's* or *eclogues*, * seven of which are preserved in our libraries, and are considered as the finest that were written before the time

* I have a fine copy of these seven poems, clearly transcribed with explanatory notes: the names of the seven poets are, *Amralkeis*, *Tarafa*, *Zobeir*, *Lebid*, *Antara*, *Amru*, and *Hareth*.

of *Mahomed*: the fourth of them, composed by *Lebid*, is purely pastoral, and extremely like the *Alexis* of *Virgil*, but far more beautiful, because it is more agreeable to nature: the poet begins with praising the charms of the fair *Novâra*, (a word which in *Arabick* signifies a *timorous fawn*,) but inveighs against her unkindness; he then interweaves a description of his young camel, which he compares for its swiftness to a stag, pursued by the hounds; and takes occasion afterwards to mention his own riches, accomplishments, liberality, and valour, his noble birth, and the glory of his tribe: the diction of this poem is easy and simple, yet elegant, the numbers flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural; as the learned reader will see by the following passage, which I shall attempt to imitate in verse, that the merit of the poet may not be wholly lost in a verbal translation:

Bel enti la tadrina cam mi' lleilatin,
Thalkin ledhidhin labwoha wa nedamoha,
Kad bitto sameroha, wa ghayati tajerin
Wafaito idh rofiat, wa azza medamoha,
Besabubi safiatin wajadhbi carinatin,
Be mowatterin, taâta leho maan ibhamoha,
Bacarto hajataha' ddajaji besohratin,
Levalla minha heina habba neyamoha.

But

*But ah! thou knowst not in what youthful play
 Our nights, beguil'd with pleasure, swam away;
 Gay songs, and cheerful tales, deceiv'd the time,
 And circling goblets made a tuneful chime;
 Sweet was the draught, and sweet the blooming maid,
 Who touch'd her lyre beneath the fragrant shade;
 We sip'd till morning purpled every plain;
 The damsels slumber'd, but we sip'd again:
 The waking birds, that sung on every tree
 Their early notes, were not so blithe as we.*

The *Mahomedan* writers tell a story of this poet, which deserves to be mentioned here: it was a custom, it seems among the old *Arabians*, for the most eminent versifiers to hang up some chosen couplets on the gate of the temple, as a publick challenge to their brethren, who strove to answer them before the next meeting at *Ocadh*, at which time the whole assembly used to determine the merit of them all, and gave some mark of distinction to the author of the finest verses. Now *Lebid*, who, we are told, had been a violent opposer of *Mahomed*, fixed a poem on the gate, beginning with the following distich, in which he apparently meant to reflect upon the new religion:

*Ila cullo sheion ma khala Allah bathilon,
 Wa callo naimon la mohalohe zailon.*

That

That is; *Are not all things vain, which come not from God? and will not all honours decay, but those, which He confers?* These lines appeared so sublime, that none of the poets ventured to answer them; till *Mahomed*, who was himself a poet, having composed a new chapter of his *Alcoran*, (the second, I think,) placed the opening of it by the side of *Lebid's* poem, who no sooner read it, than he declared it to be something divine, confessed his own inferiority, tore his verses from the gate, and embraced the religion of his rival; to whom he was afterwards extremely useful in replying to the satires of *Amralkeis*, who was continually attacking the doctrine of *Mahomed*: the *Asiatics* add, that their lawgiver acknowledged some time after, that no heathen poet had ever produced a nobler distich than that of *Lebid* just quoted.

There are a few other collections of ancient *Arabick* poetry; but the most famous of them is called *Hamassa*, and contains a number of *epigrams*, *odes*, and *elegies*, composed on various occasions: it was compiled by *Abu Temam*, who was an excellent poet himself, and used to say, that *fine sentiments delivered in prose were like gems scattered at random, but that, when they were confined in a poetical measure, they resembled bracelets, and strings of pearls*. When the religion and language of *Mahomed* were spread over the greater part of *Asia*, and the maritime countries of *Africa*, it became a fashion for the poets of *Persia*, *Syria*, *Egypt*, *Mauritania*, and even of *Tartary*, to write in *Arabick*; and the most beautiful verses in that idiom,
composed

composed by the brightest genius's of those nations, are to be seen in a large miscellany, entitled *Yateima*; though many of their works are transcribed separately: it will be needless to say much on the poetry of the *Syrians*, *Tartarians*, and *Africans*, since most of the arguments, before used in favour of the *Arabs*, have equal weight with respect to the other *Mahomedans*, who have done little more than imitate their style, and adopt their expressions; for which reason also I shall dwell the shorter time on the genius and manners of the *Persians*, *Turks*, and *Indians*.

The great empire, which we call *Persia*, is known to its natives by the name of *Iran*; since the word *Persia* belongs only to a particular province, the ancient *Persis*, and is very improperly applied by us to the whole kingdom: but, in compliance with the custom of our geographers, I shall give the name of *Persia* to that celebrated country, which lies on one side between the *Caspian* and *Indian* seas, and extends on the other from the mountains of *Candabar*, or *Paropamisus*, to the confluence of the rivers *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, containing about twenty degrees from south to north, and rather more from east to west.

In so vast a tract of land there must needs be a great variety of climates: the southern provinces are no less unhealthy and sultry, than those of the north are rude and unpleasant; but in the interior parts of the empire the air is mild and temperate, and from the beginning of

N

May

May to September, there is scarce a cloud to be seen in the sky : the remarkable calmness of the summer nights, and the wonderful splendour of the moon and stars in that country, often tempt the *Persians* to sleep on the tops of their houses, which are generally flat, where they cannot but observe the figures of the constellations, and the various appearances of the heavens ; and this may in some measure account for the perpetual allusions of their poets, and rhetoricians, to the beauty of the heavenly bodies. We are apt to censure the oriental style for being so full of metaphors taken from the sun and moon : this is ascribed by some to the bad taste of the *Asiatics* ; *the works of the Persians*, says M. de Voltaire, *are like the titles of their kings, in which the sun and moon are often introduced* : but they do not reflect that every nation has a set of images, and expressions, peculiar to itself, which arise from the difference of its climate, manners, and history. There seems to be another reason for the frequent allusions of the *Persians* to the sun, which may, perhaps, be traced from the old language and popular religion of their country : thus *Mibridâd*, or *Mithridates*, signifies *the gift of the sun*, and answers to the *Theodorus* and *Diodati* of other nations. As to the titles of the *Eastern* monarchs, which seem, indeed, very extravagant to our ears, they are merely formal, and no less void of meaning than those of *European* princes, in which *serenity* and *highness* are often attributed to the most gloomy, and low-minded of men.

The

The midland provinces of *Persia* abound in fruits and flowers of almost every kind, and, with proper culture, might be made the garden of *Asia*: they are not watered, indeed, by any considerable river, since the *Tigris* and *Euphrates*, the *Cyrus* and *Araxes*, the *Oxus*, and the five branches of the *Indus*, are at the farthest limits of the kingdom; but the natives, who have a turn for agriculture, supply that defect by artificial canals, which sufficiently temper the dryness of the soil: but in saying they *supply* that defect, I am falling into a common error, and representing the country, not as it *is* at present, but as it *was* a century ago; for a long series of civil wars and massacres have now destroyed the chief beauties of *Persia*, by stripping it of its most industrious inhabitants.

The same difference of climate, that affects the air and soil of this extensive country, gives a variety also to the persons and temper of its natives: in some provinces they have dark complexions, and harsh features; in others they are exquisitely fair, and well-made; in some others, nervous and robust: but the general character of the nation is that *softness*, and *love of pleasure*, that *indolence*, and *effeminacy*, which have made them an easy prey to all the western and northern swarms, that have from time to time invaded them. Yet they are not wholly void of martial spirit; and, if they are not naturally brave, they are at least extremely docile, and might, with proper discipline, be made excellent soldiers: but the greater

part of them, in the short intervals of peace that they happen to enjoy, constantly sink into a state of inactivity, and pass their lives in a pleasurable, yet studious, retirement; and this may be one reason, why *Persia* has produced more writers of every kind, and chiefly *poets*, than all *Europe* together, since their way of life gives them leisure to pursue those arts, which cannot be cultivated to advantage, without the greatest calmness and serenity of mind: and this, by the way, is one cause, among many others, why the poems in the preceding collection are less finished; since they were composed, not in bowers and shades, by the side of rivulets or fountains, but either amidst the confusion of a metropolis, the hurry of travel, the dissipation of publick places, the avocations of more necessary studies, or the attention to more useful parts of literature. To return: there is a manuscript at *Oxford** containing *the lives of an hundred and thirty five of the finest Persian poets*, most of whom left very ample collections of their poems behind them: but the versifiers, and *moderate poets*, if *Horace* will allow any such men to exist, are without number in *Persia*.

This delicacy of their lives and sentiments has insensibly affected their language, and rendered it the softest, as it is one of the richest, in the world: it is not possible to convince the reader of this truth, by quoting a passage from a *Persian* poet in *European* characters; since the

* In Hyperoo Bodl. 128. There is a prefatory discourse to this curious work, which comprises the lives of ten *Arabian* poets.

sweetness of sound cannot be determined by the sight, and many words, which are soft and musical in the mouth of a *Persian*, may appear very harsh to our eyes, with a number of consonants and gutturals: it may not, however, be absurd to set down in this place, an Ode of the poet *Hafez*, which, if it be not sufficient to prove the delicacy of his language, will at least show the liveliness of his poetry:

Ai bad nesîmi yâr dari,

Zan nefheî mushcôâr dari:

Zinhar mecun diraz-destî!

Ba turreî o che câr dari?

Ai gul, to cujâ wa ruyi zeibash?

O taza, wa to kharbâr dari.

Nerkes, to cujâ wa cheshmi mestesh?

O serkhosh, wa to khumâr dari.

Ai seru, to ba kaddi bulendesh,

Der bagh che iytebâr dari?

Ai akl, to ba wujûdi ishkesb

Der dest che ikhtiyâr dari?

Rihan, to cujâ wa khatti sebzesh?

O mushc, wa to ghubâr dari.

Ruzi burefi bewasli Hafez,

Gher takati yntizâr dari.

That is, word for word : O sweet gale, thou bearest the fragrant scent of my beloved ; thence it is that thou hast this musky odour. Beware ! do not steal : what hast thou to do with her tresses ? O rose, what art thou, to be compared with her bright face ? She is fresh, and thou art rough with thorns. O narcissus, what art thou in comparison of her languishing eye ? Her eye is only sleepy, but thou art sick and faint. O pine, compared with her graceful stature, what honour hast thou in the garden ? O wisdom, what wouldst thou choose, if to choose were in thy power, in preference to her love ? O sweet basil, what art thou, to be compared with her fresh cheeks ? they are perfect musk, but thou art soon withered. O Hafez, thou wilt one day attain the object of thy desire, if thou canst but support thy pain with patience. This little song is not unlike a sonnet, ascribed to Shakespeare, which deserves to be cited here, as a proof that the Eastern imagery is not so different from the European as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide :

“ Sweet thief ! whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,

“ If not from my love’s breath ? The purple pride,

“ Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,

“ In my love’s veins thou hast too grossly dyed.”

The lily I condemned for thy hand,

And buds of marjoram had stol’n thy hair ;

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,

One blushing shame, another white despair ;

*A third, nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,
 And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flow'rs I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.*

The *Persian* style is said to be ridiculously bombast, and this fault is imputed to the slavish spirit of the nation, which is ever apt to magnify the objects that are placed above it: there are bad writers, to be sure, in every country, and as many in *Asia* as elsewhere; but, if we take the pains to learn the *Persian* language, we shall find that those authors, who are generally esteemed in *Persia*, are neither slavish in their sentiments, nor ridiculous in their expressions: of which the following passage in a moral work of *Sadi*, entitled *Bostân*, or, *The Garden*, will be a sufficient proof.

*Shinidem ke, der wakti nezî rewan,
 Be Hormuz chunîn gufti Nushirewan:
 Ki khatir nighdari derwishti bash,
 Ne der bendi âsâishi khishti bash:
 Neâsaïd ender diyari to kes,
 Chu âsâishi khishti khahi-wa bes.*

*Neyayid benezdiki dana pefend,
 Shubani khufte, wa gurki der kuspend,
 Bern; pasi derwisshi muhtáji dar,
 Ki shah ez raiyeti búd táji dar.
 Raiyet chu bikhest wa soltan dirakht,
 Dirakht, ai piser, bashed ez bikhi sakht.*

That is ; I have heard that king Nushirvan, just before his death, spoke thus to his son Hormuz : Be a guardian, my son, to the poor and helpless ; and be not confined in the chains of thy own indolence. No one can be at ease in thy dominion, while thou seekest only thy private rest, and sayest, It is enough. A wise man will not approve the shepherd, who sleeps while the wolf is in the fold. Go, my son, protect thy weak and indigent people ; since through them is a king raised to the diadem. The people are the root, and the king is the tree, that grows from it ; and the tree, O my son, derives its strength from the root.

Are these mean sentiments, delivered in pompous language ? Are they not rather worthy of our most spirited writers ? And do they not convey a fine lesson for a young king ? Yet Sadi's poems are highly esteemed at Constantinople, and at Ispahan ; though, a century or two ago, they would have been suppressed in Europe, for spreading, with too strong a glare, the light of liberty and reason.

As

As to the great Epick poem of *Ferdusi*, which was composed in the tenth century, it would require a very long treatise to explain all its beauties with a minute exactness. The whole collection of that poet's works is called *Shahnâma*, and contains the history of *Persia*, from the earliest times to the invasion of the *Arabs*, in a series of very noble poems; the longest and most regular of which is an heroic poem of one great and interesting action, namely, *the delivery of Persia by Cyrus*, from the oppressions of *Afrasiab*, king of the *Transoxan Tartary*, who, being assisted by the emperours of *India* and *China*, together with all the dæmons, giants, and enchanters of *Asia*, had carried his conquests very far, and become exceedingly formidable to the *Persians*. This poem is longer than the *Iliad*; the characters in it are various and striking; the figures bold and animated; and the diction every where sonorous, yet noble; polished, yet full of fire. A great profusion of learning has been thrown away by some criticks, in comparing *Homer* with the heroick poets, who have succeeded him; but it requires very little judgment to see, that no succeeding poet whatever can with any propriety be compared with *Homer*: that great father of the *Grecian* poetry and literature, had a genius too fruitful and comprehensive to let any of the striking parts of nature escape his observation; and the poets, who have followed him, have done little more than transcribe his images, and give a new dress to his thoughts. Whatever elegance and refine-

refinements, therefore, may have been introduced into the works of the moderns, the spirit and invention of *Homer* have ever continued without a rival: for which reason I am far from pretending to assert that the poet of *Persia* is equal to that of *Greece*; but there is certainly a very great resemblance between the works of those extraordinary men: both drew their images from nature herself, without catching them only by reflection, and painting, in the manner of the modern poets, *the likeness of a likeness*; and both possessed, in an eminent degree, *that rich and creative invention, which is the very soul of poetry.*

As the *Persians* borrowed their poetical measures, and the forms of their poems from the *Arabians*; so the *Turks*, when they had carried their arms into *Mesopotamia*, and *Assyria*, took their numbers, and their taste for poetry from the *Persians*.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes

Intulit agresti Latio.

In the same manner as the *Greek* compositions were the models of all the *Roman* writers, so were those of *Persia* imitated by the *Turks*, who considerably polished and enriched their language, naturally barren, by the number of simple and compound words, which they adopted from the *Persian* and *Arabick*. Lady *Wortley Montagu* very
justly

justly observes that *we want those compound words, which are very frequent, and strong in the Turkish language*; but her interpreters led her into a mistake in explaining one of them, which she translates *stag-eyed*, and thinks a *very lively image of the fire and indifference in the eyes of the royal bride*: now it never entered into the mind of an *Asiatick* to compare his mistress's eyes to those of a *stag*, or to give an image of their *fire and indifference*; the *Turks* mean to express that *fullness*, and, at the same time, that *soft and languishing lustre*, which is peculiar to the eyes of their beautiful women, and which by no means resembles the unpleasing wildness in those of a *stag*. The original epithet, I suppose, was * *Abû cheshm*, or, *with the eyes of a young fawn*: now I take the *Abû* to be the same animal with the *Gazâl* of the *Arabians*, and the *Zabi* of the *Hebrews*, to which their poets allude in almost every page. I have seen one of these animals; it is a kind of antelope, exquisitely beautiful, with eyes uncommonly black and large. This is the same sort of roe, to which *Solomon* alludes in this delicate simile: *Thy two breasts are like two young roes, that are twins, which play among the lilies.*

A very polite scholar, who has lately translated sixteen Odes of *Hafez*, with learned illustrations, blames the *Turkish* poets for copying the *Persians* too servilely: but, surely, they are not more blamable than *Horace*, who not only imitated the measures and expressions of the
Greeks,

Greeks, but even translated, almost word for word, the brightest passages of *Alcæus*, *Anacreon*, and others; he took less from *Pindar* than from the rest, because the wildness of his numbers, and the obscurity of his allusions, were by no means suitable to the genius of the *Latin* language: and this may, perhaps, explain his ode to *Julius Antonius*, who might have advised him to use more of *Pindar's* manner in celebrating the victories of *Augustus*. Whatever we may think of this objection, it is certain that the *Turkish* empire has produced a great number of poets; some of whom had no small merit in their way: the ingenious author just mentioned assured me, that the *Turkish* satires of *Rubi Bagdadi* were very forcible and striking, and he mentioned the opening of one of them, which seemed not unlike the manner of *Juvenal*. At the beginning of the last century, a work was published at *Constantinople*, containing the finest verses of five hundred and forty-nine *Turkish* poets, which proves at least that they are singularly fond of this art, whatever may be our opinion of their success in it.

The descendants of *Tamerlane* carried into *India* the language and poetry of the *Persians*; and the *Indian* poets to this day compose their verses in imitation of them. The best of their works, that have passed through my hands, are those of *Huzein*, who lived some years ago at *Benâres*, with a great reputation for his parts and learning, and was known to the *English*, who resided there,

ESSAY I.

there, by the name of *the Philosopher*. His poems are elegant and lively, and one of them, *on the departure of his friends*, would suit our language admirably well, but is too long to be inserted in this essay. The *Indians* are soft and voluptuous, but artful and insincere, at least to the *Europeans*, whom, to say the truth, they have had no great reason of late years to admire for the opposite virtues: but they are fond of poetry, which they learned from the *Persians*, and may, perhaps, before the close of the century, be as fond of a more formidable art, which they will learn from the *English*.

I must once more request, that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of *Asia*, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the *Greek* and *Latin* poems, which have justly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our *European* poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images, and incessant allusions to the same fables: and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth, *That, if the principal writings of the Asiatics, which are reposed in our publick libraries, were printed with the usual advantage of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the Eastern nations were studied in our places of education, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be open for speculation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history*
of

of the human mind, we should be furnished with a new set of images and similitudes, and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain, and future poets might imitate.





E S S A Y II.

On the Arts, commonly called Imitative.

IT is the fate of those maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received implicitly by most of their followers, and to be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason, than because they once dropped from the pen of a superiour genius: one of these is the assertion of *Aristotle*, that *all poetry consists in imitation*, which has been so frequently echoed from author to author, that it would seem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almost all the philosophers and critics, who have written upon the subject of *poetry, musick, and painting*, how little soever they may agree in some points, seem of one mind in considering them as arts merely *imitative*: yet it must be clear to any one, who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is affected
by

by the finest *poems*, *pieces of musick*, and *pictures*, upon a principle, which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from *imitation*. *M. le Batteux* has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of *imitating*: but, whatever be said of *painting*, it is probable, that *poetry* and *musick* had a nobler origin; and, if the first language of man was not both *poetical* and *musical*, it is certain, at least, that in countries, where no kind of *imitation* seems to be much admired, there are *poets* and *musicians* both by nature and by art: as in some *Mahometan* nations; where *sculpture* and *painting* are forbidden by the laws, where *dramatick poetry* of every sort is wholly unknown, yet, where the pleasing arts, of *expressing the passions in verse*, and of *enforcing that expression by melody*, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. It shall be my endeavour in this paper to prove, that, though *poetry* and *musick* have, certainly, a power of *imitating* the manners of men, and several objects in nature, yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by *imitation*, but by a very different principle; which must be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what we mean by *poetry* and *musick*; but we cannot give a precise definition of them, till we have made a few previous remarks on their origin, their relation to each other, and their difference.

It

It seems probable then that *poetry* was originally no more than a strong, and animated expression of the human passions, of *joy* and *grief*, *love* and *hate*, *admiration* and *anger*, sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the *voice* and *accents* of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to *cadence* and *measure*; which is remarkably the case in the language of a vehement *Orator*, whose talent is chiefly conversant about *praise* or *censure*; and we may collect from several passages in *Tully*, that the fine speakers of old *Greece* and *Rome* had a sort of rhythm in their sentences, less regular, but not less melodious, than that of the poets.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in *praising the Deity*; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendour of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing colours of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible, that he should refrain from bursting into an extasy of *joy*, and pouring his praises to the creator of those wonders, and the author of his happiness. This *kind of poetry* is used in all nations; but as it is the sublimest of all, when it is applied to its true object, so it has often been perverted to impious purposes by pagans and idolaters: every one knows that the *dramatick poetry* of the *Europeans* took its

O

rise

rife from the fame fpring, and was no more at firft than a fong in praife of *Bacchus*; fo that the only fpecies of poetical compofition, (if we except the Epick) which can in any fenfe be called *imitative*, was deduced from a natural emotion of the mind, in which *imitation* could not be at all concerned.

The next fource of poetry was, probably, *love*, or the mutual inclination, which naturally fubfifts between the fexes, and is founded upon perfonal *beauty*: hence arofe the moft agreeable *odes*, and love-fongs, which we admire in the works of the ancient lyric poets, not filled, like our *fonnets* and *madrigals*, with the infipid babble of *darts*, and *Cupids*, but fimple, tender, natural; and confifting of fuch unaffected endearments, and mild complaints,

* Teneri fdegni, e placide e tranquille
Repulfe, e cari vezzi, e liete paci,

as we may fuppose to have paffed between the firft lovers in a ftate of innocence, before the refinements of fociety, and the restraints, which they introduced, had made the paffion of *love* fo fierce, and impetuous, as it is faid to have been in *Dido*, and certainly was in *Sappho*, if we may take her own word for it †.

* Two lines of *Taffo*.

† See the ode of *Sappho* quoted by *Longinus*, and tranflated by *Boileau*.

The

The *grief*, which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends, and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short *dirges*, and was afterwards lengthened into *elegies*.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their *detestation* of it in the strongest manner, and to show their *resentment* against the corrupters of mankind: hence *moral poetry* was derived, which, at first, we find, was severe and passionate; but was gradually melted down into cool precepts of morality, or exhortations to virtue: we may reasonably conjecture that *Epick poetry* had the same origin, and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

Where there is vice, which is *detestable* in itself, there must be *hate*, since *the strongest antipathy in nature*, as *Mr. Pope* asserted in his writings, and proved by his whole life, *subsists between the good and the bad*: now this passion was the source of that poetry, which we call *Satire*, very improperly, and corruptly, since the *Satire* of the *Romans* was no more than a moral piece, which

they entitled *Satura* or *Satyra*,* intimating, that the poem, like a dish of fruit and corn offered to *Ceres*, contained a variety and plenty of fancies and figures; whereas the true *invectives* of the ancients were called *Iambi*, of which we have several examples in *Catullus*, and in the *Epodes* of *Horace*, who imitated the very measures and manner of *Archilochus*.

These are the principal sources of *poetry*; and of *music* also, as it shall be my endeavour to show: but it is first necessary to say a few words on *the nature of sound*; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately discussed. Without entering into a discourse on the *vibrations of chords*, or the *undulations of the air*, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe that there is a great difference between a *common sound*, and a *musical sound*, which consists chiefly in this, that the former is simple and entire in itself like a *point*, while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be *one*; like a *circle*, which is an entire figure, though it is generated by a multitude of points flowing, at equal distances, round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquots of a sonorous body vibrating at once, are called *Harmonicks*, and the whole system of modern *Harmony* depends upon them; though it were easy to prove that the system is unnatural, and only made tolerable to the ear by habit: for whenever we strike the perfect

* Some Latin words were spelled either with an *u* or a *y*, as *Sulla* or *Sylla*.

accord on a harpsichord or an organ, the harmonicks of the third and fifth have also their own harmonicks, which are dissonant from the principal note : These horrid dissonances are, indeed, almost overpowered by the *natural harmonicks* of the principal chord, but that does not prove them agreeable. Since nature has given us a delightful harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the additions of art ? It is like thinking

—— to paint the lily,

And add a perfume to the violet.

Now let us conceive that some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced, *in a common voice*, in just cadence, and with proper accents, such an expression of the passion will be *genuine poetry* ; and the famous ode of *Sappho* is allowed to be so in the strictest sense : but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a *musical voice*, (that is, in sounds accompanied with their *Harmonicks*) if it were sung in due time and measure, in a simple and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be *pure and original musick* ; not merely soothing to the ear, but affecting to the heart ; not an *imitation* of nature, but the voice of nature herself. But there is another point in which *musick* must resemble *poetry*, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect : we all must have observed, that a speaker, agitated with

passion, or an actor, who is, indeed, strictly an *imitator*, are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of their words varies: it may be worth while to examine how this variation is expressed in *musick*. Every body knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order, and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear: now each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when it is heard separately, than a single letter of the alphabet would have; and it is only by their succession, and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale; or differ from each other, except as they are *graver*, or more *acute*: but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a *series of sounds relating to one leading note* is called a *mode*, or a *tone*, and, as there are twelve semitones in the scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes; and each of them has a peculiar character, arising from the position of the *modal* note, and from some minute difference in the ratio's, as of 81 to 80, or a comma; for there are some intervals, which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprizing effect in *modulation*, or in the transitions from one mode to another.

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The *modes* of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind; and *Plato*, who permits the *Dorian* in his imaginary republick, on account of its calmness and gravity, excludes the *Lydian*, because of its languid, tender, and effeminate character: not that any series of mere sounds has a power of raising or soothing the passions, but each of these modes was appropriated to a particular kind of poetry, and a particular instrument; and the chief of them, as the *Dorian*, *Phrygian*, *Lydian*, *Ionian*, *Eolian*, *Locrian*, belonging originally to the nations, from which they took their names: thus the *Phrygian mode*, which was ardent and impetuous, was usually accompanied with trumpets, and the *Mixolydian*, which, if we believe *Aristoxenus*, was invented by *Sappho*, was probably confined to the pathetick and tragick style: that these modes had a relation to *poetry*, as well as to *musick*, appears from a fragment of *Lafus*, in which he says, *I sing of Ceres, and her daughter Melibœa, the consort of Pluto, in the Eolian mode, full of gravity*; and *Pindar* calls one of his *Odes* an *Eolian song*. If the *Greeks* surpassed us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *minor scale*, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from their natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth; this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the *modal* note, softens the general expression of the

mode, and adapts it admirably to subjects of *grief* and *affliction*: the minor mode of D is tender, that of C, with three flats, plaintive, and that of F, with four, pathetick and mournful to the highest degree, for which reason it was chosen by the excellent *Pergolesi* in his *Stabat Mater*. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and changed as often as the sentiment changes, may, it is evident, express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and give an additional beauty to the accents of a poet. Consistently with the foregoing principles, we may define *original and native poetry* to be *the language of the violent passions, expressed in exact measure, with strong accents and significant words*; and *true musick* to be no more than *poetry, delivered in a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear*. It is in this view only that we must consider the musick of the ancient *Greeks*, or attempt to account for its amazing effects, which we find related by the gravest historians, and philosophers; it was wholly passionate or descriptive, and so closely united to poetry, that it never obstructed, but always increased its influence; whereas our boasted harmony, with all its fine accords, and numerous parts, paints nothing, expresses nothing, says nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give more or less pleasure to one of our senses; and no reasonable man will seriously prefer a transitory pleasure, which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the natural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transport-

transporting. The old divisions of musick into *celestial* and *earthly*, *divine* and *human*, *active* and *contemplative*, *intellective* and *oratorical*, were founded rather upon metaphors, and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of making a distinction between *musick of mere sounds*, and the *musick of the passions*, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradictions both among the ancients and the moderns: nothing can be more opposite in many points than the systems of *Rameau* and *Tartini*, one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other deduces harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that musick, which took its rise from *the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body*, and the second, of that, which rose from *the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions*: to decide, as *Rousseau* says, whether of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question, Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?

In defining what true poetry *ought to be*, according to our principles, we have described what it really *was* among the *Hebrews*, the *Greeks* and *Romans*, the *Arabs* and *Persians*. The lamentation of *David*, and his sacred odes, or psalms, the song of *Solomon*, the prophecies of *Isaiah*, *Jeremiah*, and the other inspired writers, are truly and strictly poetical; but what did *David* or *Solomon* imitate in their divine poems? A man, who is *really*
joyful

joyful or afflicted, cannot be said to *imitate* joy or affliction. The lyric verses of *Alcæus*, *Alcman*, and *Ibycus*, the hymns of *Callimachus*, the elegy of *Moschus* on the death of *Bion*, are all beautiful pieces of poetry; yet *Alcæus* was no *imitator* of love, *Callimachus* was no *imitator* of religious awe and admiration, *Moschus* was no *imitator* of grief at the loss of an amiable friend. *Aristotle* himself wrote a very poetical elegy on the death of a man, whom he had loved; but it would be difficult to say what he imitated in it: “O virtue, who proposest
 “ many labours to the human race, and art still the alluring
 “ object of our life; for thy charms, O beautiful goddess, it
 “ was always an envied happiness in Greece even to die, and
 “ to suffer the most painful, the most afflicting evils: such are
 “ the immortal fruits, which thou raisest in our minds;
 “ fruits, more precious than gold, more sweet than the love
 “ of parents, and soft repose: for thee Hercules the son of
 “ Jove, and the twins of Leda, sustained many labours, and
 “ by their illustrious actions sought thy favour; for love of
 “ thee, Achilles and Ajax descended to the mansion of Pluto;
 “ and, through a zeal for thy charms, the prince of Atarnea
 “ also was deprived of the sun’s light: therefore shall the
 “ muses, daughters of memory, render him immortal for his
 “ glorious deeds, whenever they sing the god of hospitality, and
 “ the honours due to a lasting friendship.”

In the preceding collection of poems, there are some *Eastern* fables, some odes, a panegyrick, and an elegy; yet it does not appear to me, that there is the least imitation
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in either of them : *Petrarch* was, certainly, too deeply affected with real *grief*, and the *Persian* poet was too sincere a lover, to *imitate* the passions of others. As to the rest, a fable in verse is no more an *imitation* than a fable in prose ; and if every poetical narrative, which describes the manners, and relates the adventures of men, be called *imitative*, every romance, and even every history, must be called so likewise ; since many poems are only *romances*, or parts of *history*, told in a regular measure.

What has been said of *poetry*, may with equal force be applied to *musick*, which is *poetry*, dressed to advantage ; and even to *painting*, many sorts of which are poems to the eye, as all poems, merely descriptive, are pictures to the ear : and this way of considering them, will set the refinements of modern artists in their true light ; for the *passions*, which were given by nature, never spoke in an unnatural form, and no man, truly affected with *love* or *grief*, ever expressed the one in an *acrostick*, or the other in a *fugue* : these remains, therefore, of the false taste, which prevailed in the dark ages, should be banished from this, which is enlightened with a just one.

It is true, that some kinds of painting are strictly *imitative*, as that which is solely intended to represent the human figure and countenance ; but it will be found, that those pictures have always the greatest effect, which
represent

represent some *passion*, as the martyrdom of *St. Agnes* by *Domenichino*, and the various representations of the *Crucifixion* by the finest masters of *Italy*; and there can be no doubt, but that the famous *sacrifice of Iphigenia* by *Timanthes* was affecting to the highest degree; which proves, not that painting cannot be said to *imitate*, but that its most powerful influence over the mind arises, like that of the other arts, from *sympathy*.

It is asserted also that *descriptive* poetry, and *descriptive* musick, as they are called, are strict *imitations*; but, not to insist that mere *description* is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear, that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to visible objects: and what is an imitation, but a resemblance of some other thing? Besides, no unprejudiced hearer will say that he finds the slightest traces of imitation in the numerous *fugues*, *counterfugues*, and *divisions*, which rather disgrace than adorn the modern musick: even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony, and, if we sometimes hear *the murmuring of a brook*, or *the chirping of birds* in a concert, we are generally apprised beforehand of the passages, where we may expect them. Some eminent musicians, indeed, have been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises, but, if they had succeeded, they could not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate

illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that, as those parts of *poetry*, *musick*, and *painting*, which relate to the passions, affect by *sympathy*, so those, which are merely descriptive, act by a kind of *substitution*, that is, by raising in our minds, affections, or sentiments, analogous to those, which arise in us, when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, a musician, and a painter, are striving to give their friend, or patron, a pleasure similar to that, which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect. The first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in smooth and elegant verses of a sprightly measure; he will describe the most delightful objects, and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness. The musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode, which, on his violin, has the character of mirth and gaiety, as the Eolian, or *E flat*, which he will change as the sentiment is varied: he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue, or figured harmony: he will use the bass, to mark the modulation more strongly, especially in the changes; and he will place the *tenour* generally in unison with the bass, to prevent too great a distance between the parts: in the symphony he will, above all things, avoid a *double melody*, and will apply his variations only to some accessory ideas, which the principal part, that is, the voice, could
not

not easily express: he will not make a number of useless repetitions, because the *passions* only repeat the same expressions, and dwell upon the same sentiments, while *description* can only represent a single object by a single sentence. The painter will describe all visible objects more exactly than his rivals, but he will fall short of the other artists in a very material circumstance; namely, that his pencil, which may, indeed, express a simple passion, cannot paint a thought, or draw the shades of sentiment: he will, however, finish his landscape with grace and elegance; his colours will be rich, and glowing; his perspective striking; and his figures will be disposed with an agreeable variety, but not with confusion: above all, he will diffuse over his whole piece such a spirit of liveliness and festivity, that the beholder shall be seized with a kind of rapturous delight, and, for a moment, mistake art for nature.

Thus will each artist gain his end, not by *imitating* the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination, which her charms produce to the senses: this must be the chief object of a poet, a musician, and a painter, who know that *great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general spirit of the whole piece, and that a gaudy composition may strike the mind for a short time, but that the beauties of simplicity are both more delightful, and more permanent.*

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As the *passions* are differently modified in different men, and as even the various objects in nature affect our minds in various degrees, it is obvious, that there must be a great diversity in the pleasure, which we receive from the fine arts, whether that pleasure arises from *sympathy*, or *substitution*; and that it were a wild notion in artists to think of pleasing every reader, hearer, or beholder; since every man has a particular set of objects, and a particular inclination, which direct him in the choice of his pleasures, and induce him to consider the productions, both of nature and of art, as more or less elegant, in proportion as they give him a greater or smaller degree of delight: this does not at all contradict the opinion of many able writers, that *there is one uniform standard of taste*; since the *passions*, and, consequently, *sympathy*, are generally the same in all men, till they are weakened by age, infirmity, or other causes.

If the arguments, used in this essay, have any weight, it will appear, that the finest parts of poetry, musick, and painting, are expressive of the *passions*, and operate on our minds by *sympathy*; that the inferior parts of them are *descriptive* of natural objects, and affect us chiefly by *substitution*; that the expressions of *love*, *pity*, *desire*, and the *tender* passions, as well as the *descriptions* of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what we call the *beautiful*; but that *hate*, *anger*, *fear*, and the *terrible* passions, as well as objects, which are *unpleasing* to the senses,

senses, are productive of the *sublime*, when they are aptly expressed, or described.

These subjects might be pursued to infinity; but, if they were amply discussed, it would be necessary to write a series of dissertations, instead of an essay.

T H E E N D.





Jones, William,

Poems consisting chiefly of translations from the Asiatick Languages ; To
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